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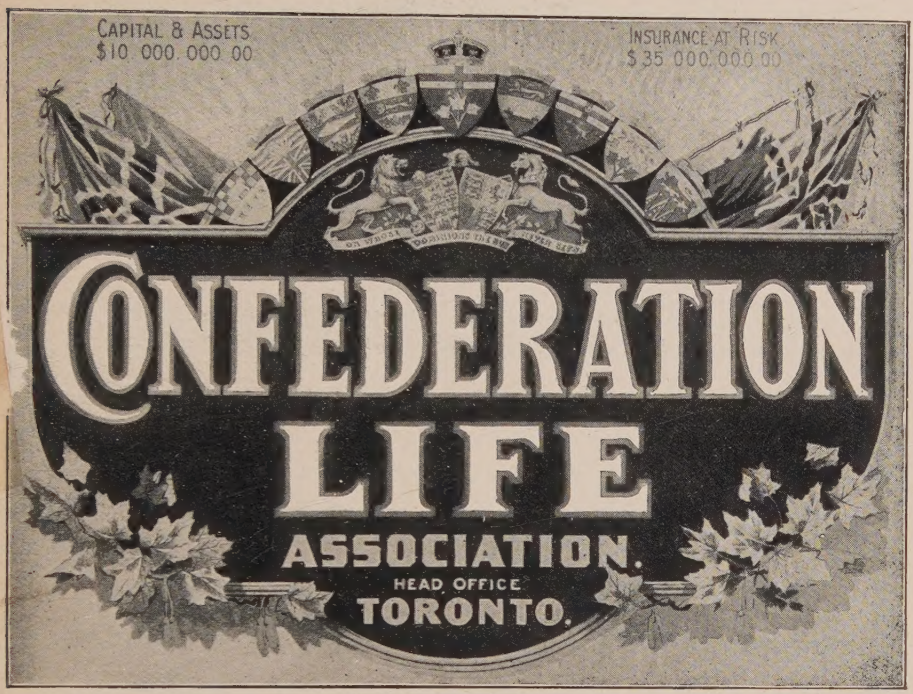

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THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY MISS C. CAMERON.

FAREWELL, dear England! faint thy shores are growing,
Dim as a cloud upon the ocean's breast,
While o'er the billows white the breeze is blowing
That bears our ship to yonder distant West.
Oh! sacred land that twilight is enfolding,
Who may presume to guess how many years
Till once again with joy we are beholding
What now is seen through vision drowned in tears?

Farewell, beloved England! as we ponder
Upon the greatness of thy deathless name,
Absence will make its memory the fonder,
For skies are changed, but hearts are yet the same.
Safe underneath the shadow of thy power,
We go to found a realm beyond the sea,
And nought will dread in danger's darkest hour
If but remaining faithful unto thee.

In that new world beyond the mighty ocean,
That far-off country whither we are bound,
Yet deeper will become the heart's devotion
To thy for ever blessed and hallowed ground;
The hues of sunset in the twilight blending,
The winter winds that through the forest sweep,
Will but recall the vale of peace unending
Where the loved ashes of our fathers sleep.

And oftentimes beneath the starlight dreaming
Will memory her deathless halo fling
O'er sunset brightness through the foliage streaming,
And linnets' songs that wake the woods of spring.
The silver mists that slumber on the river,
The wandering winds that steal the moorlands o'er,
Bracken and fern where frosts of autumn shiver,
And lovely waves that murmur on the shore.

But yet the home of our unchanged affection,
Of Empire undisturbed and glory vast,
Bound by an indissoluble connection
With all that can illuminate the past,
Shal freedom thy great watchword be for ever,
And when the sword is drawn for liberty,
Ere human hand her name and thine shall sever,
Thy children will return and fight for thee.

Chelsea, London, England.

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1904.

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY N. PEACOCK.

PRISCILLA, THE PURITAN MAIDEN.

JUST three hundred years ago, in the quaint old town of Gainsborough-on-Trent, a little handful of earnest Christians, afterwards known as the Pilgrim Fathers, separated from the Church for conscience sake, to worship under their own pastor, a step which was the natural outcome of the intense Protestant feeling prevailing in the surrounding district.

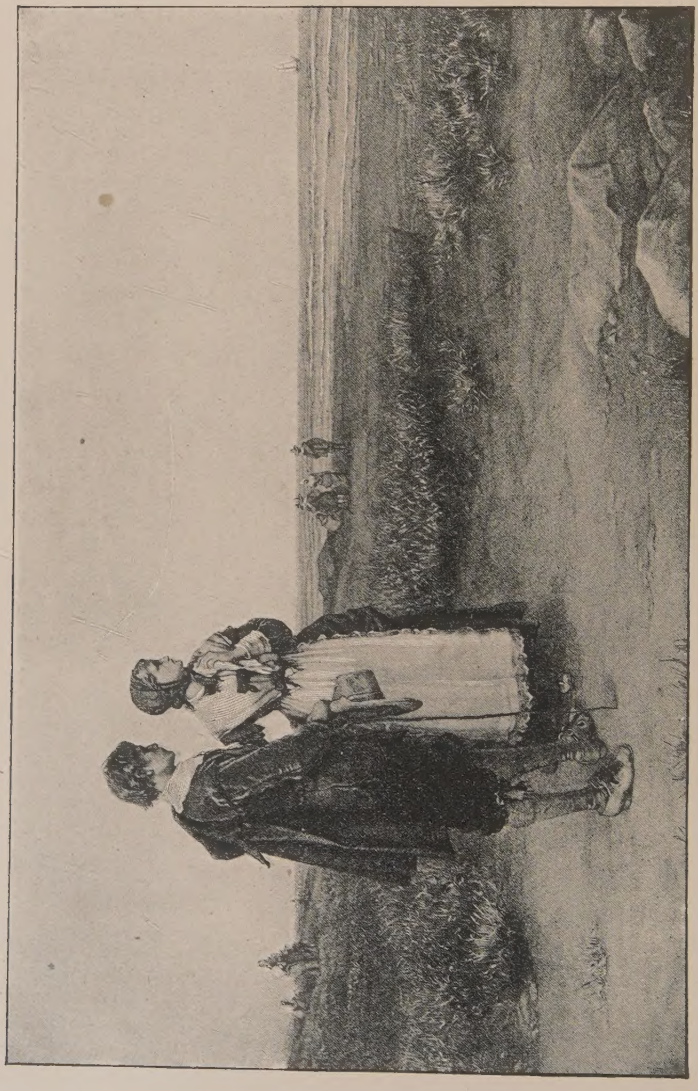
It seems strange that on the site of the picturesque Old Hall, within whose walls the Separatist Church was, in all probability, first called into being, once stood the palace in which King Alfred wedded the fair Alswitha, and where Canute, the son of Sweyn, was born. Here, too, in 1541, Henry VIII. held his court, after spending the night at Scrooby Manor House, on his way to receive the submission and homage of the Yorkshire malcontents. During the persecutions of Queen Mary the Old Hall had already sheltered many a saint. The owner, Anthony Hickman, and his young wife, Lady Rose, the daughter of Sir William Locke, a staunch Protestant, had gladly welcomed to their home Bishop Hooper, John Foxe, John Knox, and many others, some of whom afterwards suffered martyrdom.

In the story of her life during Mary's Reign of Terror, written in the hope that her children "may stand fast in that faith and service of God in which their father and mother do stand so firmly, and manifest such zeal and affection as in this little treatise appeareth," Lady Rose Hickman tells us that they held conventicles in their house with divers godly and well-disposed Christians, and "we and they did table together in a cham-

ber, keeping the doors close shut for fear of the persecutors, as we read in the Gospel the disciples of Christ did for fear of the Jews."

Speaking of her exile to Antwerp with her husband after his release from the Fleet Prison, where he had been confined on account of his religious convictions, she says: "I accounted all nothing in comparison to liberty of conscience for the profession of Christ." So devout and saintly a mother could not fail to influence her children.

On the death of her husband in 1596, her son William became Lord of the Manor, and he certainly appears to have been a worthy son of a noble mother. It was doubtless his well-known Puritan sympathies that attracted the Separatists to Gainsborough, also the convenient



"LONG IN SILENCE THEY WATCHED THE RECEDING SAIL OF THE 'MAYFLOWER'."
(JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.)

situation of the town on the borders of the three counties, Nottingham, York, and Lincoln, and the comparative facility it afforded for flight to foreign countries in the event of persecution.

It is more than likely that William Hickman and his godly mother worshipped with Brewster and Bradford within the walls where conventicles had been held in Queen Mary's days, and we can picture the small band of zealous reformers wending their way to service in the Old Hall from Austerfield and Scrooby, through vast fields of wheat and sweet country lanes—the lovely lanes so dear to the memory of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden of New England, immortalized by Longfellow—

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day of the hedgerows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street and familiar faces of neighbours
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old grey tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard,—
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in old England."

These secret gatherings were dangerous to all taking part in them, and more especially to the Lord of the Manor and his brave mother, who, in sheltering the little company, kept covenant with their Lord to serve Him in all ways whatsoever it should cost them.

The first pastor of this infant church was John Smith, who, later, when driven from Gainsborough, practised as a physician in Amsterdam.

During three or four years, through winter cold and summer heat, this devoted band walked every Sabbath day to the Old Hall for their weekly service and prayer and praise, until, their numbers becoming so considerable, they decided to found another church, and the brethren nearest to Scrooby met there on the Lord's Day in the old Manor House, which was then the home of William Brewster.

The good and venerable Richard Clifton was chosen pastor of the Scrooby Church, and associated with him was the enlightened teacher, John Robinson, the founder of Independency and recognized pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, whom Gainsborough claims as a native. We thus see that the district about the borders of Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire is the cradle of the freedom of conscience and worship, with Gainsborough as the nursery where the characters of the men, destined by their example and teaching to furnish the principles on which the institutions of the United States are founded, were moulded and developed through tribulation and much suffering.

It is curious to note that from this same Manor House at Scrooby, in which Wolsey spent three months on his journey to York, after being dismissed from royal favour, there should go forth a little band of earnest men who carried across to the New World beyond the Atlantic the principles of freedom and self-government he was doing his utmost to crush with his dying hand.

So intolerant was the spirit of the time that the Pilgrims at last resolved to emigrate to Holland. This was by no means easy, however, for it was as unlawful for them to flee from their native land as to remain in it without conforming. Again and again they attempted to reach the coast, only to be discovered

and sent to prison for a time. The silent waterway of Gainsborough must have borne away on its tide, under cover of darkness, many a boatload of women and children to the estuary, where the Dutch ships were in readiness to receive the fugitives. Finding it impossible to escape in a body undetected, the Pilgrims broke up into small parties and succeeded at last in passing over to Holland; they met in 1608 at Amsterdam, proceeding shortly afterwards to Leyden, where they were well received and remained for many years.

George Eliot, in describing St. Oggs (Gainsborough), in "The Mill on the Floss," touches on the troublous times of the seventeenth century: "Many honest citizens lost all their possessions for conscience sake, and went forth beggared from their native town. Doubtless there are many houses standing now on which those honest citizens turned their backs in sorrow—quaint gabled houses, looking on the river, jammed between newer warehouses, and penetrated by surprising passages, which turn and turn at sharp angles, till they lead you out on a muddy strand"—the strand of the Trent.

LEAVING DELFSHAVEN.

At Leyden John Robinson diligently ministered to the needs of his congregation, and from the land which so generously sheltered them, he learnt that, although the Church must not be submissive to the State, yet the religious and political life of the people must walk hand in hand. Although so gentle and forbearing, John Robinson could not always succeed in inducing his followers to be charitable. His wife "did not believe that silks and satins were invented for the exclusive use of Satan." She liked ornaments and liked to dress herself becomingly and neatly. The "scandal of a handsome woman appearing in a handsome dress in the house of God" so shocked some members of the congregation that they felt themselves obliged to complain to their pastor.

In 1618, after much heart-searching and many long and solemn discussions, the Pilgrims decided to leave Leyden, and, having secured from their king a somewhat reluctant concession that the right to worship in their own fashion should be granted in the New World, they determined to emigrate to a land where their children might retain their own language and customs; they yearned for another and freer England, yet flying the same flag and owing allegiance to the same king. With very sad hearts the whole Church went to Delfshaven in July, 1620. The three hundred members could not all be accommodated on the "Speedwell," so it had been arranged that those remaining behind should

follow later with their beloved pastor. Before the embarkation John Robinson prayed long and earnestly over the departing Pilgrims that "God's free people" might prove themselves worthy of the Master they had forsaken all to serve; but he charged them before God to follow him no further than he followed Christ.

In a contemporary picture, showing the Pilgrims leaving Delfshaven the dozen or so Pilgrims wending their way down the quay are evidently portraits.

Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode with a martial air Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain."

reached the new settlement in 1629.

The sojourn in Holland was a peaceful resting time between their struggle for freedom in England and their struggle against the bitter hardships awaiting them in the new country. Here they learnt the never-forgotten lesson that the strength and beauty of the Churches lies in steadfast conviction and in charity.

The "Speedwell," having proved unseaworthy, was abandoned on reaching Plymouth, and it was the "Mayflower," with one hundred brave and loyal souls, that set sail on September 6th, 1620, for the east coast of North America. John

THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

Elder Brewster, the spiritual leader of the little band, may be recognized by his bell-shaped cap bordered with white, while the "Speedwell," so unfortunately misnamed, lies to the left of the panel, and is flying the flag of the House of Orange; the women and children with some of the men may be seen on board.

John Robinson, the devout and holy teacher, was not to lead his flock to the Promised Land of liberty, for he died in 1625, before he had been able to join his people in their new home; his two sons, John and Soare Robinson, with the remainder of the Pilgrims, safely

Alden was hired as a cooper at Southampton, where the "Mayflower" victualled. Wordsworth fitly says:

Well worthy to be magnified are they,
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found world explored their way,
That so a church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
Her Lord might worship and His word obey
In freedom.

The first half of the voyage proved uneventful, but after that

the storms succeeded each other with such rapidity and violence that terrible discomfort prevailed. The bedding and clothing of the passengers were drenched, and the crowding of the company down below day after day, while the sea tossed the small craft angrily from side to side, must have been irksome even to the most patient heart.

A death, that of Dr. Fuller's servant, and a birth, that of Oceanus Hopkins, kept the number on arrival the same as on leaving.

On November 11th the weary travellers reached Cape Cod, and the famous compact—the earliest written constitution in history—which inaugurated free government in America, was signed by forty-one Pilgrims, amongst whom were John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, Capt. Miles Standish, John Alden, Samuel Fuller, and John Billington.

This document, the basis of the constitution of the colony, was briefly as follows: "We, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James (titles follow), having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do solemnly, and mutually, in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and to frame such just and equal laws from time to time as shall be thought most meet for the general good, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

A full month was spent in deciding the important question where they should settle. On December 16th twelve of the Pilgrims started in the "Mayflower's" shallop round the shore of the bay, and on the 21st they set foot upon Plymouth Rock—

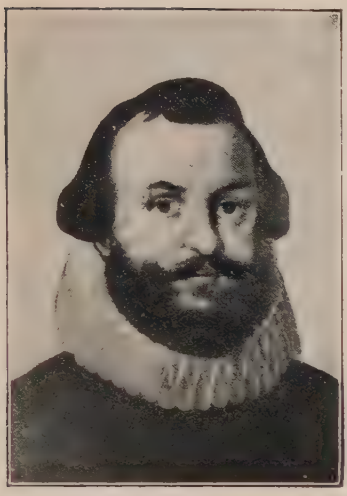
JOHN ALDEN LANDING ON PLYMOUTH ROCK.—"THE CORNER-STONE OF A NATION."

> The Plymouth Rock, that had been to
> their feet as a doorstep
> Into a world unknown—the corner-stone
> of a nation.

And they decided to settle there.

> God had sifted three kingdoms to find the
> wheat for this planting,
> Then had sifted the wheat, as the living
> seed of a nation.

The following day the discoverers returned to the ship to announce the joyful news that a suitable spot had been found. The rejoicings were, however, considerably damped by the sad news which had to be broken to William Bradford, that Dorothy, his wife, the faithful com-



CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH.

panion of his exile, had been washed overboard during his absence.

In Bradford's Journal we find the following entry for Christmas Day: "Monday, the 25th day, we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, and some to rive, and some to carry; so no man rested all that day."

Longfellow, in his "Courtship of Miles Standish," has produced a most touching record of the hardships and trials of the New England colonists, the bluff soldier, Miles Standish:

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron.
Brown as a nut was his face.

John Alden:

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with a delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth and the beauty thereof—
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the "Mayflower."

And sweet Priscilla Mullens:

"Puritan flower," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth."

These have become the types of what is most enduring and noblest in the Pilgrim character. Longfellow's description of their church, which was also their fortress, with its flat roof, on which guns were mounted as a protection against the Indians, indicates most clearly the constant danger which threatened them.

The painting, "The Puritans Going to Church" (so named by G. H. Boughton, R.A., because he was afraid the term "Pilgrims" might have been misunderstood) shows us how the faithful, summoned to worship by the beat of drum, were obliged to go armed to the House of God: it brings very vividly before us both the difficulties to be faced daily and the dauntless courage of these spiritual pioneers. The severity of the winter, the insufficiency of food and warm clothing, soon began to tell their tale:

THE PILGRIMS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

A land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victuals and plenty of nothing but Gospel.

With the spring came seven times as many graves as dwellings —graves which had to be smoothed over to hide the growing weakness of numbers from the keen eye of the ever-watchful Indian—graves of which there is still no record on Burial Hill.

. . . . . .

By the erection of the Robinson Memorial Church, the foundation of which was laid by the Hon. T. F. Bayard, in 1896, the old bonds of three centuries ago have been renewed between the spiritual descendants of the Pilgrims in America and England. To the devotion and energy of their pastor, the Rev. Hugh S. Griffiths, the Congregationalists of Gainsborough owe the fact that the important part played by this town of ancient historic fame in the far-reaching religious movement has become generally recognized. To him must also be accorded the credit of having caused English Congregationalists to "clasp hands across the seas" with their American kindred.

Thirty-six years ago Professor Day and the late Dr. H. M. Dexter inserted a memorial in the wall of the house which occupies the site of John Robinson's Leyden home; and in 1891, the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States affixed a large bronze tablet in his honour to the outside of St. Peter's Church, nearly opposite his residence. A sentence in the speech of Dr. Charles Ray Palmer, at the unveiling of this tablet, to the effect that their Church might practically be said to have originated with the Church in Gainsborough, first drew the attention of Mr. Griffiths to the subject, and he diligently set about not only to find out as far as possible to what extent Gainsborough was really interested in this great movement, but he also, and with extraordinary success, determined to arouse the interest of Americans and English, so that they might consider it a privilege to contribute towards the building of a house of worship worthy of their earnest Christian leader.

THE INFANT COLONY.

The Hon. T. F. Bayard, in his foundation speech, paid the following tribute to the far-reaching influence of John Robinson's life and teaching: "The wide ocean he never crossed—and which lies between the grave and the colony he planted on the other side—has become a bridge and no longer is a barrier, but serves to bring together the peoples of the two countries who share in love and sympathy in his life and work. His memory was a tie of kindred—a recognition of

common trust committed to both nations, to cultivate and sustain the principles of civil and religious liberty, of which he was a fearless champion, and under which has been so marvellously fulfilled the prophecy, 'A little one shall become a thousand and a small one a great nation.'"

On June 11th a bronze tablet, very similar to that in Leyden, was unveiled in the Robinson Memorial Church, with the following inscription: "This tablet, unveiled June 11th, 1902, the 300th year after the formation of the Church in Gainsborough with which the name of John Robinson is historically associated, stands as a permanent record of the co-operation of American with English Congregationalists in erecting this building to commemorate him, the thought of whom stirs a common reverence in English and American hearts."

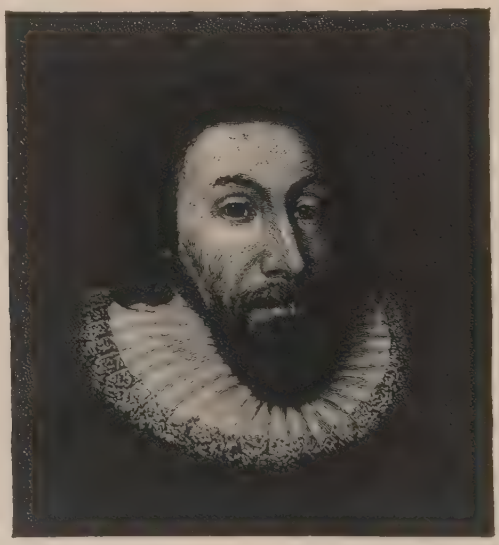
BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

The character of the man, who has within the last ten years given so great an impetus to Congregationalism in Lincolnshire, may be estimated by the following quotation from one of his anniversary sermons: "I will not admit that the world is changing its teachers. That it is increasing its numbers I admit with the utmost cordiality. I say to every writer of eminence, to the 100,000 novelists who are supposed to be in England to-day, to men of science, and leaders of labour, to editors of newspapers, teachers of the arts and sciences, 'The field is before you, and the field is the world. How are you going to Christianize it? In every scheme propounded by you the Cross of Christ, the Evangel of Jesus, must have a large place. You will strengthen the foundations of morality; you will purify the springs of social life, and train men up in goodness, truth, and grace, only by the genius and self-sacrifice as embodied in the life and death of Jesus Christ.'"

. . . . . .

The all-pervading charity of Robinson, the gentle spirit of Bradford, the lofty faith of Brewster, the stern courage of Miles Standish, and sweet lovableness of John

Alden, cannot fail to awaken a responsive chord within our hearts and minds. It is well to dwell upon the simple dignity and lofty heroism of these men, lest we, in our enjoyment of the liberty of conscience and individual freedom, overlook the heroism of the earnest group of men to whom we all, not



GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

only Congregationalists, but every man in Protestant England, owe so great a debt—

> For the lesson that they teach;
> The tolerance of opinion and of speech,
> Hope, Faith and Charity remain—these three;
> And greatest of them all is Charity.
>
> —*The Sunday Strand.*

COPP'S HILL BURYING-GROUND.

The following paragraphs are from an article by E. M. Oswald in The Epworth Herald:

Copp's Hill Burying-Ground, a short distance from Old Christ Church, and almost within its shadow, was the second burial-place established in Boston. It was used for interment in 1660. Since the time of Lycurgus, wit, humour, and sentiment have been exhausted on marble and stone. The following is from a stone in Copp's Hill:

> A sister of Sarah Lucas lieth here,
> Whom I did love most dear,
> And now her soul hath took its flight,
> And bid her spightful foes good-night.

Quaint inscriptions, the traditional death-head and hour-glass, greet you on every hand. The singular juxtaposition of names strikes the reader of the headstones: "Here reposes the ashes of Mr. John Milk and Mr. William Beer; of Samuel Mower, and Theodocia Hay; Timothy Gay and Daniel Graves; of Elizabeth Tout and Thomas Scoot. Here lies Charity

TOMB OF THE MATHERS, COPP'S HILL, BOSTON.

Brown, Elizabeth Scarlet, and Marcy White; Ann Rugby and Emily Stone."

The oldest stone in the graveyard is believed to be one bearing date 1661, erected to the memory of the grandchildren of William Copp, for whom the hill was named — an industrious cobbler who lived near by. One of the oldest stones records the death of "Captain Thomas Lake, who was perfidiously slain by ye Indians at Kenebec, Aug. 14, 1676." Captain Lake was a commander of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company in 1662 and 1674, and, according to the story, the slit deeply cut in the gravestone was filled with the melted bullets taken from his body. Here, also, is the grave of Robert Newman, the sexton who hung out the signal lanterns of Paul Revere:

> One, if by land, and two, if by sea,
> And I on the opposite shore will be,
> Ready to ride and spread the alarm
> Through every Middlesex village and farm.

Near the north-east corner of the ground is a beautiful weeping willow, its foliage drooping gracefully over the monument of Joshua Ellis. This willow came from the grave of the great Corsican at St. Helena, having been brought in a vessel from the island.

From Copp's Hill Burgoyne and Clinton witnessed the fight on Bunker Hill, and directed the fire of the battery. It was a shell from here that set fire to Charlestown, adding to the grandeur and horror of the scene.

The noble pine, on all sides pressed
In strife for life,
Gains all its worth of knotless trunk,
And heavenward height.

Pressed close by irk and ills of earth,
Man looks above,
And steady tends to clearer light
And purer love.

More room I asked in which to spread,
It was not given.
Praise for the love that trimmed and trained
My soul for Heaven.

LIFE FAILURES OF GENIUS.—LORD BYRON.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN MOORE, BOSTON.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY—WEST FRONT.

THE ancestors of Byron were traceable back for centuries. He used to boast of being not of Saxon descent, but of Norman. His immediate ancestors were prominent, but had traits of character of such a nature that their descendant evidently had the misfortune of inheriting tendencies that strongly inclined him to pursue the evil course he did. John Byron, the father of the poet, became a captain in the army. His character was fundamentally bad, and he recklessly pursued a course of vice. He received the name of "Mad Jack Byron." For his second wife he married Miss Catherine Gordon, a lady who possessed large estates in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. She boasted of her descent from the Stuarts. The reputation of her family had its dark side. The poet spoke of his mother as proud as Lucifer of her descent. Captain Byron married her for what she had in order to enable him to pay his debts, which motive he did not hesitate to avow. We see here the law of heredity illustrated. This law we should remember is a mighty factor in human history, and, according to its operation, all do not start in life on the same plane. In estimating Byron's character we should make allowance on this account. The iniquities of ancestors are visited on children of after generations. The poet wrote of himself:

> Untaught in youth my heart to tame,
> My springs of life were poisoned.

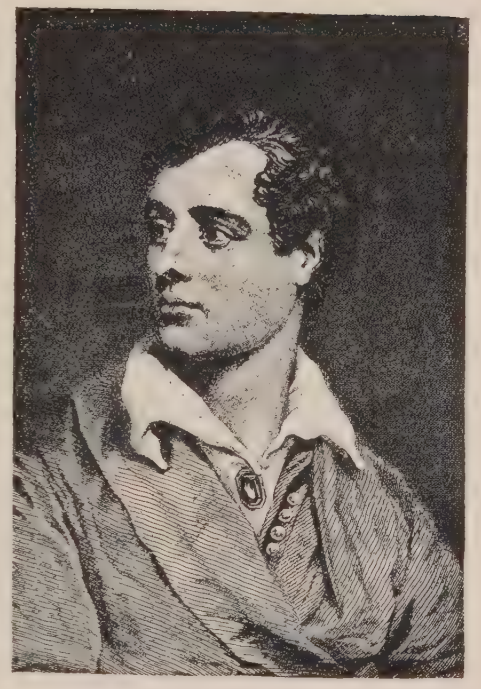
George Gordon Byron was born in 1788, in London. His mother's property was soon squandered by her rakish husband, who abandoned mother and child with very little to support them. The father being hard pressed by his creditors

fled to France, where he died in 1791, at the age of thirty-six. The poet's mother went to Scotland, and resided in a humble dwelling in Aberdeen, where she remained several years. One biographer writes: "Never was poet born to so much illustrious, and so much bad blood. The records of his infancy betray the temper, which he possessed through life, passionate, sullen, and defiant of authority, but singularly amenable to kindness. On being scolded by his nurse for having soiled a dress, without uttering a word he tore it from top to seam, as he had seen his mother tear her caps and gowns."

Byron had one physical defect from his birth, one of his feet having a twist, which was a great source of bitterness to him, in regard to which he was specially sensitive. His mother, in some of her violent fits of temper, when annoyed by him, would call him a little dog, as bad as his father, and sting him by calling him a "lame brat."

At the age of seven he was sent to the grammar school in Aberdeen. In 1798, the death of his great uncle without issue gave him the titles and estates of the family, at which time he was removed from the care of his mother and placed under the care of the Earl of Carlisle. The youthful lord was placed at the celebrated school of Harrow, where he distinguished himself more by attending to manly sports than to his studies, and showed a marked disregard of school discipline.

At the age of seventeen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He entered with little Latin, less Greek, and mathematics. He had read many books, and in that way picked up considerable information. He received several rebukes from the faculty, which were treated with sarcasm and satire. He kept a bear, which he said he was training for a degree. The truth is his mind never was thoroughly disciplined by scholastic study, as his subsequent career plainly showed. He secured his degree by special favour because he was a lord.



GEORGE GORDON—LORD BYRON.

Shortly after this he published a collection of his poems, bearing the significant title, "Hours of Idleness." These poems indicated ability, but afforded very little promise of what he was capable of producing. The book was severely criticized in The Edinburgh Review of 1808. The criticism was very severe and caustic, and lacked the candour that was in a degree deserved. It was a large expenditure of ammunition on rather small game. This roused the poet's anger, though he claimed to care little about the matter. A while after he wrote a satire in reply, entitled, "English Bards and Scotch

NEWSTEAD ABBEY—EAST FRONT.

Reviewers." This contained a fiery explosion of anger and resentment with smarting criticisms, which were keenly felt by some. Lord Brougham and Jeffrey were terribly scored by the shafts of satire. The first of these was generally believed to be the writer of the criticism on the first book. This book showed an ability in Byron that his first did not indicate. At this time he pursued a course of reckless dissipation, and squandered a great part of his fortune, and when he reached his majority his constitution was much impaired by his excesses.

About this time he decided to travel abroad, and he visited Spain, Turkey, Greece, and other countries. Out of this grew his poem "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." This made a great impression. "He woke up and found himself famous." Dr. Elze writes, "Not only was Byron's literary position for ever decided by 'Childe Harold,' but from that hour he became the cherished and petted darling of aristocratic society, of what in England is called 'high life.' He was, to use his own words, the lion of the year of 1812. London lay, as Disraeli says, at the feet of a youth of three-and-twenty. He lived in the very whirlpool of society, and on every side his vanity was fed and surfeited. He was introduced at a ball to the Prince Regent, at his Royal Highness' request, who, as might have been expected, plied him with flattery, and expressed the desire to see him soon at Carlton House." But his real character had not changed.

He thought of marriage, but such a relation, by pure affection, seemed out of the question. Low and

worldly motives predominated. He married Miss Milbanke, the only child of a wealthy baronet. She was evidently a most worthy person. After marriage the $50,000 which he had received as a dowry with her soon melted away. His affairs grew worse, and he was obliged to resort to the sale of his library. Some nine or ten executions had taken place in his house during a year, and even the beds were seized. All that saved him from

NEWSTEAD ABBEY—FROM THE GARDEN.

imprisonment was the fact of his being a peer. About this time the birth of a daughter took place, named Augusta Ada. Lady Byron left London a few weeks after on a visit to her parents.

Just after having arrived at her father's home, the parents wrote to Byron that she would not return to him again. Lady Byron had more than intimated that her husband must be insane. Her mother decided to go to London, being empowered by her daughter, to take legal opinions on her written statement, though she said afterwards that she had kept part of the reasons from the knowledge of her parents. Dr. Lushington, a lawyer, and intimate friend of the family, was consulted, and he thought a reconciliation was possible, and promised to do all he could to promote it. Shortly after Lady Byron came herself to London, and had an interview with Dr. Lushington, and gave him the main reason which she had concealed from her parents. From that time the doctor changed his opinion, and declared that a reconciliation was impossible, and that he would take no part professionally or otherwise to bring it about. Lady Byron left her husband because she was convinced that he was guilty of a black and revolting crime. She was a devout Christian woman, who to the end of her life was noted for her deeds of charity and philanthropy. She died in 1860.

A storm of indignation raged against Byron, and the idol of English adoration became the object of scorn and detestation. All imaginable vices were ascribed to him. He decided to depart from his native land never to return. He left with quite an ostentatious display, and his bitterness of spirit was beyond description. He soon found an open field for the indulgence of his passions and the play of his genius. He resided much of the time in Italy. Macaulay thus writes: "From the public opinion of the country of his adoption he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. He sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, and ribaldry, and bitter disdain. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned gray. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together."

BYRON'S OAK.

While in Italy, Byron, with Shelley and Leigh Hunt, projected the publication of a new journal, which they named The Liberal. Through this the poet expected to shake English society, and thereby gain satisfaction if not money. This first number opened with

Byron's "Vision of Judgment," which, of course, would be very offensive to the English public. Shelley contributed a translation of a scene from "Faust." Shelley was soon removed by death, and Byron soon ceased to interest himself in it, and the periodical expired with the fourth number.

Byron became dissatisfied with the results of his career thus far. Some years before he came to the determination of suppressing all his writings. At one time he forwarded to Murray, his publisher, a draft to repurchase all his rights and copies in stock, to be destroyed except a few copies for Murray's "own private possession." After his publisher had reasoned with him on the subject he concluded to withdraw the order. The poems he published afterwards did not bring him the results and satisfaction he desired. His restless spirit craved for some new role or career of action. He decided to try war and politics and, perhaps, imagined that he might become another Napoleon.

Greece was at war with the Turks, and here was an opportunity for the exercise of his powers. He evidently thought more of himself than the liberty of the Greeks. He went to Greece to use the sword instead of the pen, and after some adventures and trials which I pass over, he ended his life. During his last sickness he suffered much. The doctors bled him copiously, which was against his will, and he called them "butchers." Just before his death, according to one authority, he was heard to say, "Poor Greece! poor town! my poor servants! Why was I not aware of this sooner! My hour is come. I do not care for death, but why did I not go home before I came here? For the rest I am content to die." Toward evening he said, "Now I will go to sleep," and from that slumber he never awoke. For four-and-twenty hours he did not move and for several hours till six o'clock in the evening, when, during a terrible thunderstorm, he opened his eyes and then closed them. His pulse ceased to beat, and Lord Byron was no more. His remains were sent to England and there interred. Thus Byron's earthly life was over. "At thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career."

MONKS LAYING OUT THE GROUNDS OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

I should say something in regard to his religious character. He had no fixed religious principles. He had naturally considerable of the religious sentiment in his nature, and had often read the Bible, and at times was ready to converse on the subject. Leigh Hunt remarked that he was "a Christian by education; he was an infidel by reading. He was a Christian by habit; he was no Christian by reflection." He never sincerely and earnestly looked at the subject; in his emo-

LORD BYRON'S BEDCHAMBER, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

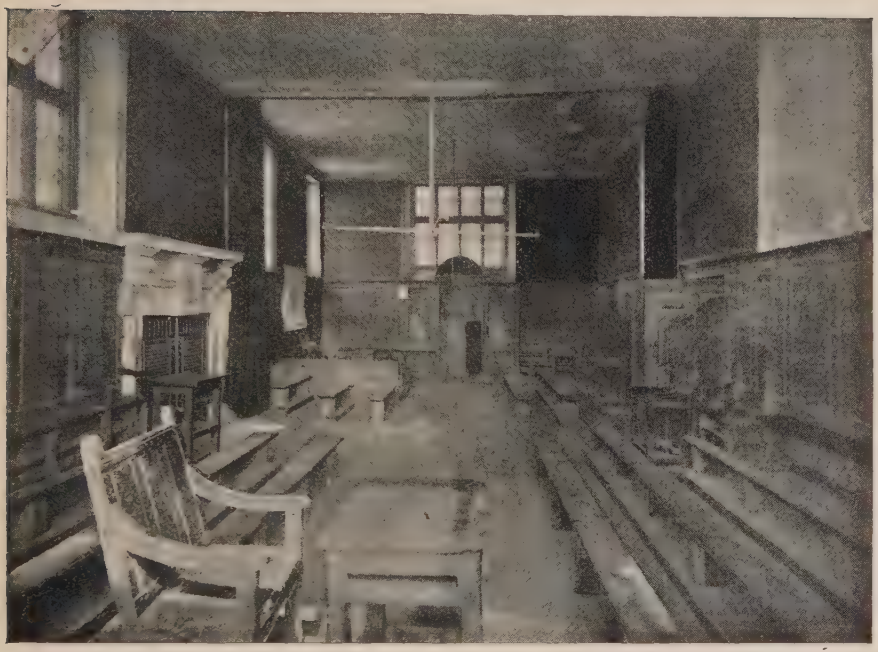
tions he was a sceptic. The spirit and teachings of Christianity were against his inclinations, and he was bent on doing as he pleased—he lived for his own selfish gratification.

In his self-deception he was disposed to regard his crimes and their consequences as misfortunes, and to blame them on others. At one time, at least, he seemed to see through the deception, and to recognize the fact that he reaped as he sowed. This he expressed in the following lines:

> The thorns I have reaped are of the tree
> I planted; they have torn me and I bleed;
> I should have known what fruit would
> spring from such a seed.

A writer in The North American Review wrote this passage some years ago: "His wit was great, for the very reason that it had no restraint from his conscience, and invaded sanctuaries into which the wit of others hesitated to enter. Since the publication of his letters, we discover that his wife, his most intimate friends, even his own cherished feelings, were not safe from its shafts. His whole correspondence is characterized by a brilliant recklessness, in which profanity and coarseness are prominent elements. His letters are studded with those emphatic expletives with which waggoners favour their horses." Having thrown off all religious reverence and restraint his morals fell correspondingly.

As a critic Byron was variable, being governed by his caprices at the time. He would hold one opinion one day and the opposite the next. As a critic he advanced some of the most indefensible



FIFTH FORM ROOM, HARROW, ATTENDED BY GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

opinions that ever emanated from a man of genius. When Keats' poems were published he urged Murray to get a critic to crush the insignificant manikin to pieces. In The Quarterly an article appeared against Keats, which was supposed to have hastened his death, and then Byron denounced Murray for killing him, and made the discovery that there was considerable merit in the "manikin's" poetry.

As a writer Byron achieved a phenomenal popularity. The Byronic fever raged like an epidemic. His poetry was such that the unwashed could relish it. That gratified him, and he evidently regarded himself as the greatest poet that ever lived. He disparaged Southey, Wordsworth, and other poets of his time; and even spoke slightingly of Chaucer, Spencer, and Milton of past times. Pope he praised above all the poets, but even styled him somewhere as a "mechanical" poet.

"A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured on purpose to a life beyond life." It is easy, in view of this, to assign the literature of Byron to its proper place. His poetry was in a special sense a reflection of his character, and abounds with poison. The fact of his superior genius does not alter the fact, and in reality strengthens it.

Byron's most famous and longest poem is his "Don Juan." This was written under the inspiration of gin and laudanum. It was, in a large sense, the representation of his own life. What must have been the character and state of mind of an author who could pour out such a stream of fascinating poison as this! Who can estimate the number of human beings this has corrupted

and ruined? Goethe, who was an admirer of Byron, even acknowledges it to be the most immoral work which poetic genius ever produced. Blackwood declared that the author was "brutally outraging all the best feelings of humanity." In this work his own character blazes out, and he writes his own condemnation.

In the history of Byron we have a gigantic death-wreck of genius brought before us. Aside from this by itself, who can calculate its effects on multitudes of the race? "One sinner destroyeth much good." Here we have an example and lessons of warning in bold relief that can be read by all. We see how sin begins to bear its natural fruit in this world.

> Right and wrong in every bosom
> Work their own result at last;
> Grow their own true fig or thistle,
> Ere the harvest-time is past.

Curiously enough the following poem, the last Byron ever wrote, is not found in the ordinary editions of his work. Here is what Gamba says about these verses: "This morning Lord Byron came from his bedroom, into the apartment where Colonel Standhope and some friends were assembled, and said with a smile, 'You were complaining, the other day, that I never write poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something, which, I think, is better than what I usually write.' He then produced these noble and affecting verses."

Moore, in the fifty-fourth chapter of his "Life of Lord Byron" (p. 615), writes: "These beautiful stanzas are far too affectingly associated with this closing scene of his life to be omitted among its details. Taking into consideration everything connected with these verses—the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit that they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering through the whole—there is, perhaps, no production within the range of mere human composition round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest." The verses have no regular title, but are headed: "On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and the fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys,
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier.
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent-lake,
And then strike home!

Tread these reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here:—Up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

See out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best:
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest!

—*Treasury of Religious Thought.*

BYRON'S TOMB.

Newstead Abbey, the family seat of Lord Byron, is situated on the verge of Sherwood Forest, England, eight and a half miles west of Nottingham. The building was originally a priory of black canons, founded in 1170, by Henry II., and at the dissolution of the monasteries was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir John Byron. It was then a fine specimen of the early Anglo-Gothic, unsurpassed in elegance of composition and delicacy of execution, and "stood embosomed in a happy valley," the slopes of which were covered by the broad oaks of Sherwood forest. The new possessor converted a portion of the building into a dwelling; and his successors have altered, embellished, or added to it, until it presents a singular mingling of opposite styles of architecture. The fifth Lord Byron, great-uncle of the poet, pulled down a large part of the house, cut down extensive plantations, and did all he could to injure the estate, from some cause of irritation against his son and heir, who, however, died before him. In 1817 Byron parted with Newstead for £180,000 to Colonel Thomas Wildman, an old schoolfellow, who carefully preserved whatever relics of the poet he found there, and spent more than £200,000 on the reparation of the property, which, on his demise, in 1859, was put up at auction, the reserved price being £180,000. As the highest bid was but £121,000, the estate was bought in by Colonel Wildman's representatives, and subsequently it came into the possession of William Frederick Webb.

OUR CIVILIZATION AND OUR UNIVERSITIES*

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

II.

THE perpetuity and power of a civilization with all its varieties depend upon its central, its controlling idea, principle, and spirit. Dr. Jesse T. Peck set forth holiness of heart and life as the central idea of Christianity. It is not power, nor wealth, nor learning, but holiness : "According as he hath chosen, us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love."

Dr. Francis Wayland and others of profound and practical mind, and some not so profound, have sought the central idea of duty, the ground of moral obligation. Is it knowledge ? Is it pleasure ? Is it happiness ? Is it the greatest good of the greatest number ? Is it the will of God ? Or is it the infinite reason and eternal moral nature of God apprehended and attested in the reason and the responsive moral nature of man ? The validity, the potency, the excellency of an ethical system, as of a religious system, depends wholly upon the truth and balance of its central, its pivotal idea. Here is the organizing energy and the pledge of its outcome.

What, then, is the central idea of an enduring and beneficent civilization ? We do well to face the question. Why have the majestic civilizations of the ancient day perished and their glories passed off the face of the earth ? Or might the nations preserve an undiminished, an increasing power and glory and mingle them in the brightness of universal day ? Wealth has been made the central idea of civilization and has proved a disheartening failure. Military and political power has been exalted in pride, and has been dashed in ruins to the ground. Commercial enterprise and adventurous colonization have proclaimed their sufficiency, and have been left to weep and howl amid their desolations. Philosophy, science, literature, and art have set the firmament all ablaze with their effulgence, only to be dissipated in flying sparks and extinguished in rayless, hopeless night. And corrupt religion has boastfully paraded its bigotry and assumption and been broken in pieces like Dagon before the ark of God. Is there no hope for humanity ? Is there no warrant of a national life, no principle or guarantee of steady advance and growing civilization ?

Legislators, statesmen, theorists, economists, doctrinaires, propound their systems and explanations only to be exploded or more laboriously explained. The great teacher of mankind explains the fall of nations, diagnoses the case, discloses the disease, and declares the remedy. The worm at the core is moral and spiritual defection from God which gnaws at every fibre of social and political strength and stability.

* An address as in substance delivered by the Rev. Dr. Carman in the Auditorium, Chicago, on the occasion of the Annual Commencement of the North-Western University.

Man's apostasy from righteousness opens the floodgates of evil, and hurls the torrents of iniquity upon the foundations and pillars of the social and political fabric. Ethical systems and ethnical religions, with all their gloss and glare, have ineffectively attempted to stem the raging floods.

Of earthly origin and support, superficial, incomplete, unauthenticated, and unsteady, they must fail. "Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. In the vanity of their minds, having the understanding darkened, alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their hearts, they gave themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness." This is the practical political and national issue ; and it is the situation that statesmen and intelligent patriots must face. Some people call this "religion," and toss it over their shoulders. They label it "theological dogma," the business of preachers and priests, and cast it into the waste-baskets of perished nations and shredded civilizations.

On the contrary, it is the broadest, deepest, keenest politics ; the indisputable philosophy of national life. This, and this alone, explains why Babylon fell, and Nineveh and Tyre and Athens and Rome. And it proclaims why the United States shall hasten to wreck and ruin, and Britain's world encompassing empire as well, unless these proud and mighty nations learn well and practise the principles and laws of true civilization and perpetual national life.

The Christ of God, the Prince of the kings of the earth, believed and taught the possible and purposed perpetuity of the nations, and the ever-increasing glory and felicity of their civilizations. It was no part of his plan that deserts should lie waste, that thorns and brambles should cover the ancient palaces, and dragons and owls find their habitations amid the pristine glories, fallen and desolate. He did not blush to take a florid and, humanly speaking, an impracticable case when as a publicist and a politician he enunciated his national and social thesis : "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be brought down to hell ; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained unto this day." Old nations might have been flourishing and prosperous now, and the world manifold richer by their wealth, wiser by their wisdom and stronger by their strength. Are they worth more in grave and shroud than if throbbing with life ? Righteousness exalteth the nation and lifts it higher from age to age. Fall and ruin were never purposed in the plan of the universe any more than amid the bliss of Eden. Of the olden time it was the scornful rulers who made lies their refuge and hid themselves under falsehood, and the haughty, luxurious women who walked with wanton eyes, that gave the land to strangers, and the sons and daughters to captivity and to slavery. Abraham Lincoln justly said that the danger of the United States was not that a foreign foe would water their cavalry on the banks of the Mississippi, but that ignorance and avarice should undermine the foundations of the republic, or lawlessness, violence, and wrong hurl its majestic pillars to the ground.

The system goes far to make the man. The environment as well as the constitution is seen in the pro-

duct. They say it even of the Czar of all the Russias, and of the supreme Pontiff of the seven hills. Barbarism makes the barbarian, heathenism the heathen, ecclesiasticism the ecclesiastic, and scholasticism the dogmatist and casuist. Commercialism is seen in the shopkeeper, Methodism in the Methodist, Christianity in the Christian, and civilization in the citizen. Whatever the personality, the individuality, the originality, the system tells on life and character, on power for good or evil. This is the test of the civilization: what kind of a man, what kind of a citizen does it produce? What are these kindred races on the North American continent accomplishing in this respect before the searching gaze of mankind. They have the opportunity of the ages; and there can be nothing but guilt, censure, and scorn for them if they are unworthy of their exaltation.

"Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free.
One anthem raise:
One race of ancient fame,
Their tongue, their blood the same,
One law, one faith they claim,
One God whose glorious name
They love and praise."

Are we throwing upon the firmament of history the light of a lofty civilization? Are we developing in citizenship all there is in its obligations, possibilities, and powers? Do we write in flaming character in the sight of nations, "Reason and liberty under the laws of the true, the beautiful, and the good?" Is justice put first and righteousness and goodwill; or self interest and commercialism? Are treaties made in rectitude by statesmen and interpreted in fairness on their purport by jurists of repute? "There is the treaty, gentlemen," said the powerful Duke of Burgundy to his council, when, by disregarding it, he might have wronged another state to his own profit.

Are our governments and laws, our social institutions and our political and national movements rearing nations of patriots or nations of worldlings; nations of moral heroes, and giants, or nations of pigmies and cowards? Are we raising hosts and their captains and leaders like unto Moses, Joshua, Elijah, Daniel, Esther, Ezra, and Paul? Or are we raising rabbles and their instigators like unto Absalom, Ahab, Jezebel, and Judas? Is it a progeny of renown, or a nest of vipers in the bosom of the commonweath?

What are our standards? Is it a generation of magnanimous men like a Cicero, a Scipio, a Cincinnatus, or of traitors and tyrants like a Catiline or a Caligula? Are Alfreds and Wyckliffes and Cranmers and Cromwells and Hampdens and Newtons and Miltons and Gladstones coming at our call? Or are pusillanimous and crafty Johns and Walpoles and Fawkeses undermining our liberties and forging our chains? Are Adamses and Lincolns, Washingtons and Grants, Whittiers and Lowells, Simpsons and Sumners, Everetts and Emersons, advancing to strengthen the republic and bear it on imperishable to noble destiny? Or are plotters of assassination and wrong, whose names should never be spoken, minions of wealth, and tools of power, multiplying to its downfall?

Horace Greeley used to say in days of tremendous conflict: "We must educate a generation to hate and resist the slave power." It was done, and the slave power is gone. We must educate a generation to hate and resist the rum power. We must educate a generation to resist the commercial greed power, the Sabbath desecration power, the law and government

defying power. We must educate a generation to protect the home, to strike down the systems and customs that violate its sanctity, and weaken its hold on church and nation, and their hold on it. The social and spiritual atmosphere we breathe, the tone of our moral and intellectual and political environment, is of inestimable importance to us. It is the pure air and stay of life ; or it is the miasm of plague and death.

Who then shall say that a Christian university is not an indispensable factor of a Christian civilization ? Christian civilization proposes to itself and to the race of mankind an everlasting order, a kingdom, a sovereignty that shall stand for ever. As surely as such a kingdom can be set up in one man on the earth and become his sovereignty, it can be set up in thousands and millions of men, and become their unity, their dominion and their law. The ancient civilizations failed, because they enthroned subordinate principles and brought in the unity and uniformity or the strifes and contentions of the baser tyrannies. Christian civilization has already triumphed and shall continue its triumphal march to ultimate victory, because it ranges the mighty impulses of men in their proper order and governs them by conscience, reason, light, liberty, love, and law. This is its very essence. "European civilization has entered," says Guizot, "into the eternal truth, into the place of providence ; it progresses according to the intention of God." The creative force of the principle of Greek civilization was exhausted. In Egypt and India society fell into a stationary condition ; the simplicity of the basic principles brought monotony ; and there it is, immobility to-day.

But the ideal, the unity, the dominating energy of the Christian civilization is that revelation from on high, the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. It is the enthronement of justice, truth, purity, and love. And to their creative and governing power must submit in their proper ranks and relations the powers, principles, systems, forms, and ideas that struggle for mastery ; that, misplaced, bring death ; that, well-directed, perpetuate and enrich the national life. And here is the work and service of the Christian university :

> "Not in vain the future beckons ;
> Forward ! forward let us range !
> Let the grand old world go swinging
> Down the ringing grooves of change.
> Up out of the darkness
> The earth rolls into the day.
> Better fifty years of Europe
> Than a cycle of Cathay !"

The university has come up among the forces of civilization, is borne upon and distinctly affected by them, and must assert and maintain itself among them. It has its province and domain, and is in duty bound to make itself and its works manifest in all spheres of human activity.

1. The university stands for knowledge, for the certainty of knowledge, for the solid ground of ascertained truth. Whether it be little or much, some things are positively known to the rational understanding ; and he is the fool, whatever his attainments, who gives up to doubt and distress the little he does know, because there are millions of things he does not know. Assurance and steadfastness in what we actually know is our only hope of progress. Hypothesis, theory, conjecture, speculation, investigation have their place ; but so has truth and the knowledge of truth. Who shall make out the delimitations of truth and error, the bounds between certainty and uncertainty, if not the learned bodies of the university ?

2. The university stands for the mind in knowledge; the laws of the mind in the quest and test and use of knowledge. The human mind, the universal mind of man has a nature, a structure, a fibre, a fabric, a line of impulse, a course of movement, a plan, a purpose; and these must be strictly regarded in all efforts of inquiry and application. The correspondence of the objective truth and the subjective faculties must be closely observed. It is the characteristic of a superficial and materialistic age to accept hasty conclusions and seek easy results. Scepticism and satisfied ignorance and conceit are showy and quick to hand, but the firm foundations and solid ground are reached only by scrupulous obedience to governing principles and by patient inquiry under fixed laws. Many vices beset the movements of mind, and among them all none is more pernicious or dangerous than to ignore the fixed principles and legitimate operations of the human understanding. The world was centuries learning how to learn; and since this had to be done, it was by no means lost or wasted time. Deduction fought induction, and induction fought deduction, and invention fought them both through generations of colossal minds, till reason, perception, and imagination, the subjective, the objective and creative, have found their places and recognized balances and boundaries. It is worse than foolish to undertake to develop the entire universe out of the inferences of the understanding. Truly it is "one man milking the he-goat, and the other holding the sieve." It is, on the other hand, philosophically and intellectually criminal to give the constitution of the mind little or no place in the firm basis and solid structure of knowledge. Here what is called science often trips and tumbles, and boastful criticism plunges headlong over gratuitous assumptions into pathless thickets and bottomless quagmires. The mind and laws of mind, the laws of mental progress must assert themselves in knowledge; and a high and royal function of the university of this age is to uphold their honour, to guard them in their sovereignty, and direct them in their invincible energy.

3. The university stands for culture in knowledge, discipline in learning. "Education" is a meaningful word, profound and mighty; leading out, drawing out the depths of soul and mind and intellect and heart, and enfibring and invigorating and enriching the man, the family, the society, the nation, and the race. A mere gloss on the surface, a mere touch of the spirit is no fulfilment of the high purposes and weighty responsibilities of the university. It degrades itself every hour it satisfies itself with such an effort or such an act. Against all popular clamour, against the impatience of what is called a practical, utilitarian age, against the competitions of unworthy rivals, against the haste and thirst for academic honours, the true university must give itself to profound scientific, classical, and philosophical training. It must look to something else besides digging ore, raising stock and rolling out cheese and butter. It must make disciplined, genuine scholars, fearless and potent in action, in Church and State, because they understand themselves, their position, what ought to be done, and how to do it. The universities must raise up leaders for the people.

4. The university stands for the summation, and, as far as possible, for the consummation of knowledge. Thither must the people turn for the achievements and treasure of the past and much of

the progress of the future. This should be the storehouse for bygone ages, and the seed-bed, the granary for ages to come. There must be copious and industrious gatherings, winnowings, and assorting, that there may be plenteous sowing over the broadening fields for richer harvests.

5. The university stands for the departmentalization of knowledge, its systematic and efficiently co-operative arrangement, the limits and relations of the measureless fields that lie in their wealth and beauty before adventurous minds. Here are gates of pearl, and foundations and pillars of precious stones, and imperishable paintings and mosaics in the temple of immortality. Here are at once proofs and powers of an endless life. Here are shrines of worship and exhaustless stores of treasure in the city of God.

6. The university must stand for investigation, diligent inquiry, original research. It must venture into unexplored fields and tread untrodden ways. University men must be pathfinders, discoverers of the unknown. They must add broad and rich areas to the possessions of the human race. Only so can they maintain a lively interest in the acquisitions of the intellectual domain, and sustain the regal dignity of their lofty estate.

7. The university must stand for the practical application and diffusion of knowledge, for its popularization and universal value and utility. The world has had no greater folly, vexation or darkness than sacerdotal imposition and priestly mysteries. They have well-nigh banished pure religion from the face of the earth. The high priests of learning must make it a benediction and a rich, widespread, and unfailing blessing to the masses of men. They must lead in the democracy of truth and light. The possession of knowledge brings an obligation as positive in its place and degree as the enjoyment of religion, and in the recommendation and dissemination of knowledge the university is the trustee of the ages, the debtor to the human race, and the servant of all for national advantage and the general good.

8. The university stands for moral character, public and private, and for every principle on which it is based. Cicero held that a man must be a good man in order to be an orator. Surely a man falls beneath his power, opportunity, work, and dignity, if he fails in moral character. The same statement is emphatically true of the community, the nation. The university must fail if it does not stand with all its agencies and energies for the noblest moral character, the making of the highest type of man.

9. The university stands for patriotism, for national spirit, and all it contains, and for lofty and enfranchised citizenship and all it means. Where shall these indispensable qualities and characteristics of a genuine civilization be found if not in the universities and the men on whom they set their seal? "A mean, unpatriotic, servile, tyrannical university man" should ever be a contradiction of terms, and a practical anomaly and impossibility. Cultivated mind should lead us up the heights.

10. The university must stand for a cosmopolitan spirit with a generosity, a fraternity, far-reaching as the centuries, and wide as the human race. It should put soul into science. It ought to teach geography and ethnology enough to show that God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth ; and geology and astronomy enough to feel that we tread one solid globe,

the gift of the Common Father of us all, and aspire to the same heavenly kingdom of righteousness and peace, humanity's highest ideal and brightest hope.

11. Over all this, besides all this, and above all this, the Christian university must stand for the Christian religion, a revelation from God, a supernatural energy among men. True and lasting civilization is not mere evolution. Heathen civilization might be largely an ethical evolution ; but Christian civilization is not mere evolution. It is the supernatural power of the eternal God at work among men, and by the energy of the living Christ, in every department of the human life, lifting up the race. It is a divine regenerating force for the man, the society, the nation. God is in his world, and he has never utterly abandoned it. The Christian university must realize these truths, claim these possessions, build on these foundations and exercise to their utmost these peculiar advantages. Then, and not till then, shall we see such manhood, such citizenship, such national life and character as the ages have not yet given us. Then shall a kingdom be established that shall be perpetual to all generations and stand for ever.

American civilization ? Canadian civilization ? British civilization ! Anglo-Saxon civilization ! Christian civilization ! What shall we make them ? What will they make us ? What will they do for the world of mankind ? Is it to be the old story of tyranny and of slavery ? The old story of rapacity, wrong, and ruin ? Shall we repeat the helots of Greece, the plebeians of Rome, the retainers of the feudal lords, the serfdom of Russia, or the slavery of the United States ? Must the masses be ground into dust that castes may flourish and privileged classes riot and rule ? Is this going into politics ? Then we must go into politics or perish. Is this getting on religious ground ? Then we must get on religious ground and stand there, or die. Are social enormities to violate and desolate the home ? Is civil and political corruption to destroy the ballot of freemen ? Then we must purge the ballot-box and protect the home, or sink in our own vice and shame and crime. True civilization means we must have the courage, and do the duty of noble, faithful citizens.

There may be stupendous problems pressing on us for solution, and as old nations are awakened more may arise. The race problem, the commercial problem, the labour and capital problem, universal arbitration problem, the social vice problem, the drink problem, the mob law and utter lawlessness problem, with a score of others, stand at the gateways and challenge humanity's progress and prosperity. Christian civilization alone can gain possession of the passes and conquer a domain of felicity and peace.

SERVICE.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit stands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells ;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life's working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad ;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich ;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong ;
Thou shall be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

MY COLLEGE EXPERIENCES.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.

I DO not purpose to deliver a formal address on educational principles or methods, but merely to tell my own experience as professor in Victoria College, and to state some facts and convictions which I have learned from it.

To be a college professor was by no means in my original plans and ambitions. My desire was to preach the Gospel. It is true that, after graduation in Arts, I spent four years in the study of Theology, in Canada, the United States, and Germany, but I never dreamed that any training could be too good for the work of the pastorate.

I must confess a feeling of regret, that I occasionally meet a young man who seems to consider himself too profound or learned for the ordinary work of the ministry, and to be consumed with a restless longing for an ampler sphere for his abilities. There is no work higher, no life nobler than that of the ministry, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, expounding the Holy Scriptures from the sacred desk, making the old truths live again in the thought and feeling of the people, leading wanderers back to God, building up believers in righteousness of life, soothing the dying, comforting the mourning—there is no life, no work so blessed in its nearness to the Master, in the joy of its results.

But there is other work of the Kingdom to do, some one must do it, and each phase of Christ's service has its own reward.

In the first year of my ministry I met Chancellor Burwash, who asked me: "Would you not like to go into college work?" My unhesitating answer was: "No. I feel called to preach the Gospel." "But," said he, "I am preaching the Gospel just as much as the minister of the Metropolitan, for I am training many men to preach it."

My final reply was that I would not refuse to enter college work if the Church thought that my proper sphere of duty. Then I went on gladly with pastoral work. From my present point of view I am profoundly thankful for those laborious, happy years in the pastorate. It is of incalculable advantage to the theological professor to have had actual experience of the ordinary practical duties of the ministry, for which it is now his task to train others. This saves him from undue abstraction and speculation and makes his work real.

At last the time came when the Church asked me to enter college work. Although loth to leave the promising field to which I had but recently been assigned, I at once humbly but hopefully addressed myself to the duties of the new sphere. Now, after sixteen years' of this work, what have I learned of college work in general, of college life in Victoria in particular, that may be of interest to others as well as myself?

I have learned, for one thing, that the work of a professor is no sinecure; that to accomplish it successfully, most men must give all their energies to it, even though they

* An address before the Toronto Conference, June 14th, 1904.

miss the pleasure and privilege of helping in many a good cause outside of college halls. For some years I felt rather lonely without a church of his own, the delight of constant preaching, the joy of immediate spiritual results, the happy fellowship of the practical work. In college halls there is a certain drudgery and monotony of studying and teaching and examining which tends to dry up one's intellect and one's emotions, and one misses the rich variety of pastoral intercourse and the stimulus of ordinary life.

But more and more I have found compensation, the compensation of a fuller knowledge and a firmer conviction of the truths of Christianity, and also of an ever-growing sympathy with the life and aspirations of my students.

A pastor may be uncertain or perplexed as to many a point of interpretation or doctrine, and may put such things on the shelf and quietly wait for fuller light, and meanwhile confine his teaching to the things of which he is sure. Let not pastors, therefore, be too quick and severe in their judgment of professors, whose work compels them to investigate all parts of their respective fields, and, as far as possible, to come to definite conclusions or, at least, working hypotheses. When a minister preaches a sermon, no one dares to interrupt with an awkward question. But who is to prevent bright young men interrupting the flow of a professor's assertions with keen questions which go to the heart of things?

Lack of adequate information, or of clear convictions, or of reasonable frankness will be at once fatal to a professor's influence. So I found I had to take some things down from the shelf as professor, which I had put up there as pastor, and try to gain clearer views on some very essential matters. Thus came a crisis in my experience soon after the beginning of my college work. I was face to face with the possibility of being constrained in all honesty to reluctantly bid farewell to the Church I loved rather than palter with truth.

But, thank God! by facing and fighting my difficulties, I gathered strength and found "a firmer faith my own." I gradually came to see more clearly, and to feel more profoundly than before that the whole range of evangelical truth reposes solidly on the granite facts of personality in God and man, of sin, of conscious guilt, and that the closest scrutiny of the historical facts of the origin of Christianity in the person, and teaching, and work of Jesus of Nazareth gives ample assurance that we have not "followed cunningly devised fables."

Through the years that have intervened between that crisis and the present time, my experience is, that modern historical methods of criticism and exegesis have made the Bible a more real record of the actual intercourse of God and man, a vastly more vital and vitalizing book, and that after all necessary modifications of interpretation in detail the Bible still contains the same old Gospel of a divine and redeeming Christ that has from the first been the power of God unto salvation.

I, therefore, thankfully report enjoyment of college work largely because of the ever-intensifying interest I feel in the study and exposition of the New Testament: its literature, its exegesis, its theology.

At the same time, I feel an ever increasing sense of the honour and pleasure, as well as responsibility of the task of helping in the training of men to preach the Gospel.

The men whom we have to work for, and work with, as students at

Victoria College, are worthy of the best that any man can give them. They are generous in their appreciation of honest efforts to help them, and in their after life and work they amply repay all expenditure of money, energy, and thought. Any true-hearted professor must feel keen sympathy with such men in their struggles after truth, admiration for their manly character, and affectionate pride in their successes.

It is to be expected that our students be of all sorts and conditions. Indeed, occasionally it is evident that some one has blundered, either the candidate himself, or the Quarterly Board, or the District Meeting, or the Conference, or all of them. But that is not often. Our candidates for the ministry are usually of good quality, hard-working and successful. They come from all sorts of antecedents. Of those who finished their course for ordination this year one has been a voyageur to James' Bay and a trooper in South Africa, as well as a preacher of the Gospel. One at the age of eleven years was tossing in a fishing-boat off the banks of Newfoundland as a fisherman, and has earned his own way up ever since to a high university standing, and ordination to the Christian ministry. One came from a parsonage, has spent his life at school and college, and goes into the ministry with all the advantage of fine scholarship and high breeding. These three are types of many hard-working, keen-eyed men, masters of the situation wherever they go, in warm sympathy, not only with learning, but with all human life.

During this past season an evangelistic band of such men from Victoria has been doing splendid service in and around Toronto, and many conversions have rewarded the simplicity and directness of their methods, and the earnestness of their spirit. There is hope for our Church when such numbers of these men continue to present themselves as candidates for our ministry. It is a daily pleasure to a professor to give his best to such men.

One thing I crave for them: longer time at college in Theology, at least two years for all graduates in Arts, and three years for all those in the ordinary course, with a corresponding lessening of the time spent on circuit on probation. This would be in the highest ultimate interest of all our work.

One notable fact in regard to our candidates for the ministry which is not encouraging is this, that so few of them come out of our wealthier homes, our homes of high social position. In the old, historical churches this is hardly true to the same extent, and men of the highest families are found in the ranks of the clergy, and many such, *e.g.*, Augustine, Bernard of Clairvaux, Francis of Assisi, have been among the holiest and greatest servants of the Church.

Is there nothing to be done among us in this respect? Are we keeping the ideal of such service sufficiently prominent before our people, before our own families? It is somewhat hard to understand the feeling of ministers who declare they would not wish their sons to follow in their steps. That this is not a common feeling is evidenced by the number of ministers' sons who become ministers. Surely, however, ministers, Sunday-school teachers, fathers, mothers, should say more to encourage young men to listen to the divine call into that highest form of Christian service, above business, teaching, law, medicine, politics, the high office of the ambassador for Christ.

In the introduction to that noble volume of sermons, by the late Professor A. B. Davidson, entitled,

"The Called of God," we are told that "Rabbi" Duncan, Davidson's illustrious predecessor in the chair of Hebrew, in New College, Edinburgh, when a mere child, the sickly son of a poor shoemaker, was overheard praying: "O that God wad spare me till I get on the red cloakie!" *i.e.,* the gown of the Scotch university undergraduate. And Davidson himself was the son of a very poor farmer, who hesitated to undertake the education of the boy. The mother came to the rescue and pledged herself to manage the finances of the enterprise. And by hard work and close saving she did it. Every two weeks this heroic mother came into Aberdeen with farm produce for the larder of her frugal son, now a university student, and sometimes she walked the twenty miles to save the coach fare to still further help him.

Oh! is not any sacrifice repaid by the career of such a son—great preacher, great professor, leader of the thought of his time? May such be the ambition of Canadian parents, rich and poor alike, to direct our sons to Christ, to college, to the ministry of the Gospel!

So far of our work in Theology in which I am primarily and principally interested. But every Victoria professor is in close touch with the Arts work, and, more or less, with the Arts students, and is keenly interested in Victoria's progress as an Arts college in the provincial university of Toronto.

On this side the outlook is most encouraging. The University of Toronto is going forward by leaps and bounds. Vast piles of new buildings rise on every side, the number of students is rapidly increasing, the instruction is becoming yet more efficient. More and more satisfactory are the religious influences. University sermons have been introduced, and are well attended by dignitaries and dons and students in academic garb, who have listened with pleasure and advantage to such men as Patton of Princeton, Moulton of Chicago, "Ralph Connor" of Winnipeg, Rose of Hamilton, Welch of Toronto.

A University Y. M. C. A. has been organized, with which the University College, Victoria, Medical, and School of Science Associations are affiliated, and this, we hope, will be a centre of good influence and good work for the whole student body. By certain changes recently made in the Arts curriculum, the English Bible has received a most satisfactory recognition and place as an optional subject in the course of study, while such subjects as Theism, Christian Evidences, the Greek New Testament, and Church History, retain the position which they have long held. This is an incomparable benefit alike to the university and its students.

So far as the relation of Victoria to the University and University College, in federation, is concerned, the legislation of recent years has conceded almost everything that we have desired and asked, and now, in the new University Calendar, University College, Victoria College, and Trinity College have been most frankly and fully recognized as the three Arts Colleges, on an absolute educational equality, of the one provincial university.

Our number of students is about three times what it was when we opened our beautiful building in Queen's Park twelve years ago. Our students continue to secure their full share of the honours of the University. Annesley Hall, one of the best equipped woman's college residences on this continent, is already almost full of Victoria women students. The men students are clamouring for a residence in

their turn. The Board are seeking to so increase the endowment as to put Victoria on a broader financial basis.

The Methodist Church in Ontario has a great opportunity to secure the highest educational advantages under thoroughly Christian influences. Many of our wealthier people have seen this opportunity, and have most generously contributed to the upbuilding of a great church college as part of a great provincial university. But the Church, as a whole (to judge from the returns of the Educational Fund), has hardly waked up yet on the subject. Many still fail to appreciate the relation of Victoria College to the University of Toronto, and the advantages of Victoria as a church college within that University. I am credibly informed that a certain Methodist minister in Ontario said to a certain young man, who purposed attending Victoria College: "If I were going to Toronto, I wouldn't go to any little institution in the north-east of the Park. I'd go where I could have the full advantages of the Provincial University." Now, in this advice there was ignorance of the facts in the case.

In Victoria, a student has all the advantages of the Provincial University, the same university lectures, library, laboratories, examinations, and degrees, as the students of University College. In the college subjects he has at least as good instruction as the students of either of the other colleges, for of our Arts staff we are justly proud. Moreover, in Victoria the student finds more of a home life than is possible in a larger and a state college, a certain homogeneity of sentiment, a strong *esprit de corps*. The social life of Victoria is too well known to need my encomium.

Religiously the Victoria student breathes a wholesome and healthful atmosphere. Not that he lacks the fun and frolic of college life. Our rules are few and simple. Men are thrown on their gentlemanly honour. Discipline is almost unknown. But the professors are distinctively religious men, and are expected to remember the religious and ethical aspects of all subjects, and, as Confucius says, "always to reason up and not down." And a young man will here find a strong religious influence prevalent among his fellow-students.

The more I have seen and felt the effects of this atmosphere upon young men and women, the more thoroughly I have recognized the incalculable value to the Church, not only of a good theological college, but also of a distinctively Christian Arts college. Time would fail me to tell of our daily prayers in chapels, refreshing and inspiring; of the Sunday morning fellowship meeting; of the large, enthusiastic Sunday afternoon Bible-class; of the Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A.; of the Y. W. C. A.; of the November college week of prayer, where all the good influences of the year are focussed, and in connection with which every year we see students led to devote themselves earnestly to a life of Christian service.

There is a little body of college men and women in Victoria, and they are among the brightest and foremost students, who give thought, time, energy to this definite work of influencing their fellow-students for Christ and Christian service, not only maintaining the regular and special Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meetings, but even holding quiet little prayer-meetings in their own rooms, to which they invite those whom they seek to help.

The work of the College Mis-

sionary Society has so prospered this past year that the number of Victoria "student volunteers" for mission work has grown from eleven to thirty-two.

I commend to all our people the advantages of Victoria as an Arts college. If you want your sons and daughters influenced for Christ and a good life, send them to Victoria, and follow them with your loving prayers. And if then God calls them to the noblest service in Canada, China, or Japan, do not be surprised, but rejoice at the high honour God puts on them and you.

HIGHLAND EXILES.

BY MISS C. CAMERON.

Home of our fathers, home of our devotion!
Dear land, whose like again we ne'er shall see!
With what profound and sorrowful emotion
Our yearning spirits turn to gaze on thee!
Little we dreamt when by the starlight's glimmer
Thy stern and rugged tempest-beaten shore
Grew, in the distance, dim and ever dimmer
That we would look upon its rocks no more!

Little we dreamt when o'er the ocean gazing
Upon that country, fading fast away,
Beneath whose noble flag her sons were raising
Their gallant swords to keep the foe at bay;
When favourable winds the sails were filling
And o'er the billows sped our vessel true,
And Scotland's name in every heart was thrilling
That we had bidden it a last adieu.

Yet had the sacred voice of duty called us,
And with the sound we hastened to her side,
No thought of danger or dismay appalled us,
Subdued our courage, quelled our manly pride.
Well England knew us steadfast and unshaken,
Strong for endurance, calm through suffering,
That e'en though liberty and life were taken
Nothing could wrest our loyalty from our King.

But as the quiet shades of evening gather
Over the lofty mountains and the sea,
Back to the rugged land of pine and heather—
Dear to their hearts till time has ceased to be—
The recollection of their children travel
And what by mortal tongue is ne'er expressed,
Feelings no human power could unravel,
Rise like a fountain in the exile's breast.

Chelsea, London, England.

HOW TO MAKE THE BIBLE MORE REAL.

BY CHARLES HERBERT HUESTIS, M.A.

BELIEVE it would startle and move any one," said Robert Louis Stevenson once, speaking of one of the books of the Bible, "if he could make a certain effort of the imagination and read it freshly like a book, not droningly and dully like a portion of the Bible." It is just this failure to read it "freshly like a book" that makes it a problem with religious teachers to bring the Bible into the real life of the people. Life responds to life, and we must recognize the life that is reflected from the pages of the Bible before it can stir the depths of our own life. We must get into *rapport,* as the French say, with the life of the Bible; we must make an effort of the imagination and put ourselves in the place of the writer, and try to see things as he saw them, and feel their pressure as he felt it.

There is no book in all literature that so throbs with life as the Bible, for it always concerns itself with life, and it touches life at all points. The Hebrews were not great thinkers, but they were great actors. The function of the Hebrew prophets was not simply to say things to the people, but to lead them through high thoughts to a nobler conduct. The life was the light of men. Their very sermons were sometimes acted out before the people. Here is a description by Guthrie, of the way Ezekiel took to bring home to the hearts of the people his terrible message:

> To the amazement of the people, setting them all wondering what he could mean, he appears one day before them with fire, a pair of scales, a knife, and a barber's razor. These were the heads, the doom was the burden of his sermon. Sweeping off, what an Easterner considers it a shame to lose, his beard, and the hair also from his head, this bald and beardless man divides them into three parts: weighing them in the balance. One-third he burns in the fire, one-third he smites with the knife, and the remaining third he tosses in the air, scattering it on the winds of heaven.

Thus the prophet foretells the disgrace, division, destruction, and dispersion of the people. Hear also the same writer's account of a sermon of Jeremiah's:

> The preacher appears—nor book, nor speech in hand, but an earthen vessel. He addresses his hearers. Pointing across the valley to Jerusalem, with busy thousands in its streets, its massive towers and noble temple glorious and beautiful beneath a southern sky, he says, speaking as an ambassador of God, "I will make this city desolate and a hissing." . . . Pauses, raises his arm, holds up the potter's vessel, dashes it to the ground; and planting his foot on its shivered fragments, he adds, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, even so will I break this people, and this city as one breaketh a potter's vessel."

The above are not only examples of the dramatic force and vitality that characterized the messages of the prophets, but also of the power of the imagination to make the truths and scenes of the Bible live and move before our eyes, and bring them into vital connection with our own lives.

For the Bible came up out of life. Abraham, Jacob, Ruth, Hagar, Hosea, Amos—these men and women live and act upon the

stage of life; they are full of life; it flows forth from them, and the narrative cannot conceal it. This is what makes the Bible the greatest story-book in the world. The man who is blind to the living interest of the Bible has never learned to read it as it should be read; he has not yet caught the meaning of it.

You remember Drummond's distinction: "The Bible," he said, "came out of religion, not religion out of the Bible." It was not handed down, as the Mohammedans believe of the Koran, bound in silk and studded with jewels. It was not written all at once. The authors were not pens driven by an irresistible force. It represents the yearnings of great souls after God, it tells the story of the upward push of a great people through the mists of sin and error to the heights of righteousness. The passion, the bias, the personality of the writers is upon every page.

Let us see how the life of the past is reflected from the pages of the Bible. Turn to Gen. iv. 23-24:

Then said Lamech to his wives Adah and
Zillah,
Hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my sayings:
I have slain a man for the hurt done me,
And a young man for the wound of me.
If seven times Cain be avenged,
Lamech shall be seventy times seven.

This is the song of Lamech, a descendant of Cain, as he sits half-naked on the ground, with his harp or pipe, and sings to his half-savage wives. How weird and terrible! What a savage exultation over the sweetness of revenge! What delight in a new sense of physical power breathes in these words! Yet it is a picture of life, a true reflection of the civilization of that period that followed the time when Cain went forth from the presence of the Lord to the land of Nod.

Turn now to Deut. xxxii. 48 to xxxiv. 6. Moses is about to take his way up into Mount Nebo never to return again. The people have assembled at the foot of the mount to say farewell, and because they are many the heads of each tribe line up on each side of the way their great leader is to take. And now Moses marches forward between the lines, and as he goes he has a word for each tribe through its elder—words of warning, of comfort, of council, of inspiration. At last he reaches the end of the line; he pauses, turns, and, lifting up his hands above the assembled host, he gives them his parting blessing.

There is none like unto God, O Jeshurun,
Who rideth upon the heaven for thy help,
And his excellency upon the skies.
The eternal God is thy dwelling-place,
And underneath are the everlasting arms.

He turns again and goes up to meet his God; their great master the people will see no more. The chronicler adds: "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in the land of Moab over against Beth-Peor; and no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day."

One more illustration. Turn this time to 2 Sam. i. 17 ff., and read David's dirge for Saul and Jonathan. Two men have fallen upon the field of battle: one of them David's dearest friend, the other his deadliest enemy. The man is dead at last who for years, with passionate energy, has sought his life. He has not been a good king even, and his death and defeat are due to his own errors. But David forgets all this—the cruel wrongs done him, the relentless persecution of the mad king, which had made him an outcast living in the dens of the mountains—his great generous soul

is animated with the spirit of forgiveness and admiration for the virtues of the dead king.

> Thy glory, O Israel,
> Is slain upon thy high places !
> How are the mighty
> Fallen !
>
> Tell it not in Gath,
> Publish it not in the streets of Askelon ;
> Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
> Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.
>
> Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you,
> Neither fields of offerings :
> For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
> The shield of Saul as of one not anointed with oil.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
> And in death they were not divided ;
> They were swifter than eagles,
> They were stronger than lions.
>
> Ye daughters of Israel,
> Weep over Saul,
> Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
> Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> How are the mighty
> Fallen !
> And the weapons of war
> Perished !

How this noble dirge makes David live for us more than all that has been written of him. We understand now his power of winning men's hearts and touching their nobler impulses; he had a great loving heart of his own whose sources no hatred could poison.

It is thus we must learn to read our Bibles, bringing the light of imagination to bear upon the pages so that the long past scenes shall pass again before our eyes.

In addition to the fact that the Bible has come up out of life there is to be noted, as Dr. Stanley Hall and others have pointed out, the wonderful co-ordination of the Bible as a progressive revelation with the progressive development of human life.

First come the cosmological stories of the creation and then of the great heroes who are often generic types of men standing boldly forth ; then the wandering of the people of Israel and the apprenticeship to Jehovah's guidance ; the settlement in the Holy Land, the development there of the theocratic state, its golden age, with the succinct literature of Proverbs, the Psalms, the development of the period of prophecy so symbolic of early youth ; and then, in the fulness of time, the coming of Jesus, the story of His life, and then the theological and practical conclusions drawn from it and the organization of the apostolic church.

This symbolizes the story of life, and when we become wise in the teaching of our children in the Sunday-school and the home, we shall follow the pedagogical order of the Bible, and thus bring the real life of the Bible into touch with the real life of the child, not in accordance with schemes that seem admirable to adult minds, but in accordance with the appeal it makes to the interests of the child. The wonder and nature stories of the Old Testament, together with the stories of the kind deeds and loving words of Jesus, will appeal to the little child. The spectacular scenes of Egypt, the Red Sea, Sinai, the stories of Joseph, Gideon, David, and other heroes will feed the interest of the growing boy. The doctrinal parts of the Bible we shall make no attempt to teach until the ripeness of the adolescent brain makes such study fruitful.

We have seen, now, that the Bible has come up out of real life; that in the arrangement of its books it is correlated with real life in its development. There remains the question, how to bring the Bible in touch with real life. There are two spheres of life into which we

ought to bring the Bible with which this paper concerns itself: the home and the school.

The Bible in Home Life.—The Editor of The Saturday Evening Post, a short time ago, inquired the reason for the decline of specific knowledge of the Bible. After reviewing a number of reasons given, he went on to say:

> But these explanations are not wholly satisfactory. In the first place, considering only the element in our population that was Bible-reading, has not that element grown steadily and naturally straight along, and are there not to-day more people in this country who know the Bible more thoroughly than ever before? In the second place, if there has been an actual decline in the number of Bible readers and not merely a huge increase in the adherents of non-Bible-reading sects, would not that decline of biblical knowledge be rather the result of the decline of the custom of reading the Bible at family prayers? It was there—and not by solitary Bible-reading, nor by Sunday-school lessons, nor by church services—it was in the daily reading in family worship that the present and the past generations of Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians and kindred sects got their minute acquaintance with biblical characters and events.

The present writer agrees with this diagnosis of the case. The Bible is not brought in touch with the lives of the children at that age, and in that place where life is most spontaneous and responsive. Almost the only place where they come in contact with the Bible is in the Sunday-school, where, indeed, the Bible—or bits of it—is taught, but in such a manner generally that it does not "catch on" to the interests of the child. The writer yields to none in admiration of the splendid work done by the International System of Sunday-school lessons, but he must call attention to the fact that the great majority of the men and women who have grown up under this system are without a knowledge of the Bible in its various literary forms, and as a progressive revelation of the nature and thought of God.

Carlyle said of the Scotch, whose life is saturated with Biblical thought to an extent unknown in any other people, that "the sense that man is denizen of the universe, creature of an eternity, has penetrated to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart." Thomas Hardy says of one of his characters that, like every healthy youth, he has an aversion to reading the Bible. Sad to say that is a sort of healthiness that is too common in these days.

As fathers and mothers we must cultivate the lost art of telling stories to our children, and nowhere can we find such stories as are to be found in the Bible. These stories might be told, first, in the teller's own words; then, when the interest is established, the stories should be read from the Bible itself, or from such a collection as is found in Professor Moulton's "Stories from the Old Testament," and "Stories from the New Testament." These stories should be read over and over until the truths that they contain have entered as iron into the blood of the children; indeed, if they are properly selected and read with spirit, "not droningly and dully like a portion of the Bible," this injunction to reiteration will be unnecessary. Children never tire of a good story, and the Bible is full of good stories.

The object of this introduction of the Bible to the children is to bring to their minds and hearts true conceptions of God, of duty, of destiny, and an appreciation of that which is beautiful and good and true in conduct, not as interesting ideals, but as the controlling influences of their lives. It is impossible to attain this end

unless the atmosphere of the home is enlarged with the word and the spirit of the Bible.

It is important also that children in the home be encouraged to learn passages of Scripture by memory: not any passages at all, but portions selected in view of their appeal to the interest of the child. For little children verses that have a dramatic quality, and are capable of being acted out are indicated. Later, the nobler passages from the prophets and psalmists should be learned, together with portions from the Gospels containing the words of Jesus, and the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians in the modern version. It is not necessary that the children understand these passages fully, for the appeal in them is rather to the heart than to the head, and here the intuitions of children seem to outrun the comprehension of adults. Ruskin, whose mother had him commit large portions of the Bible to memory in childhood, says: "To my early knowledge of the Bible I owe the best part of my taste in literature, and the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of my education."

The Bible in School Life.—The Germans have a proverb that whatever you would have appear in the life of the nation you must put into the schools. The Hebrews believed this, and put the Bible there. Renan tells us that God chose the Jews for their toughness; if so, it was a toughness of moral fibre developed by the hard discipline of the wilderness, and the hard bread of the Ten Commandments. In their later history the Bible became the spelling-book, the community a school, and religion an affair of teaching and learning. The teacher appealed to the heart rather than to the intellect of the scholars; he tried to make his pupils feel the prophet's ire, the poet's frenzy, and the grandeur of the deeds of the heroes.

In the methods and curriculum of modern education we have much yet to learn, but the fatal weakness of our schools is the absence of the Bible. Let it be granted that we are correct in our liberal dogma that an education, supported by the State, must be divorced from religious instruction. Is there any reason why the Bible should not be taught as literature, and why our boys and girls should be better acquainted with the fables of Æsop than with the fable of Jotham (Judges ix. 7 ff.); with the fairy tales of Grimm than with the folk stories of the Jews; with the epic of Homer than with the epic of Job; or that the historical figures of William of Normandy and Jacques Cartier should be more familiar to them than those of Moses and Jeremiah?

It is coming to be seen to-day that the end in education is to moralize rather than to mentalize; that true education is that of the heart and the will rather than that of the intellect, and that conduct, teleologically considered, is even more than "three-fourths of life." This being so, is it not pedagogically incorrect, to put it mildly, to retain as text-books in our schools such accounts of willed action as are contained in the High and Public School histories of England and Canada, while we throw out the greatest book upon conduct in the world?

It is true as Professor Kirchner, of Berlin, asserts, that "if the religious feeling is not revered, awakened, and fostered in the home, the school can do very little": but it should be the business of the school to supplement the

teaching of the home, and co-ordinate moral instruction with that in grammar, arithmetic, and history, thus weaving it into the warp and woof of the growing intelligence.

It is in this way that we shall be able to correct those dualistic conceptions of life whereby men separate religion from real life, which is the deadly error of modern times. Our double-entry system of education, by which we train the intellect during five days of the week, five to six hours a day, with the assistance of teachers equipped for that purpose, and leave the education of the will and the affections to chance absorption from the environment, supplemented by a half-hour on Sunday, under a teacher whose fitness is too often described by her willingness to take a class, is a good way to generate that conception of the Pharisee in accordance with which he divided his life into sections, so that when he fasted and gave alms he was religious, but when he feasted or bought and sold in the market-place he was not religious; but it certainly does not tend to unity of life.

What can we expect to be the attitude of our boys and girls toward the Bible when they find it has no place in that system of culture to which they are urged to give the best of their efforts, and only associated with lessons which it does not seem to matter whether they learn or not? We push a boy on in arithmetic; we encourage him to tackle the hard problem until he masters it; we rejoice with him over his mental victories; we bring him in touch with science and literature, and place in his hands the best books procurable upon these subjects, and he grows unconsciously into the idea that these are matters of utmost importance, and thus they become elements in his growing life. And this is right. But do we want the plant of Christian character to have a less vigorous and unconscious growth within him? Then it must grow as the intellect grows, and the meat whereby it grows, and the exercise by which it develops must be brought into as vital contact with the real life of the boy, and as closely co-ordinated with his interests as arithmetic and science.

Finally, we need to learn from the experience of the race the importance of the early years of adolescence, when the elements of character seem to be made fluid by the calentures of youth, and the character takes on its permanent form. Amongst primitive peoples this is the period for solemn initiation into the deeper life of the tribe. It was at this age that the Roman youth assumed the *toga virilis,* and the Greek youth had a mentor, or inspirer. It is the time chosen by a great number of peoples in the past to give serious instruction upon the subject of religion, and its importance in life. The Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Anglican Churches take this age to confirm their boys and girls, and thus bring them into closer relations with the Church. It is now, more than at any other time, that the Hellenic culture of the school must be deepened and vitalized and *burned into* the character by the fires of moral earnestness. This is a great and momentous work, and where shall we go for the coals but to the hearths of the Hebrew prophets, and to whom shall we lead our youth but to Him, who said: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life?"

Edmonton, Canada.

SOME DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY MRS. M. E. T. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

IV.

OW boyish our gracious King Edward VII. appeared on that autumnal morning in 1860, when His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, planted that beautiful maple in the Allan Gardens. There were present only the royal suite and two or three others. I stood next the Prince, and thus had a capital opportunity to observe in what a masterly manner H. R. H. handled that handsome spade, as if he had been digging all his life; as, indeed, he had during his early years, for Her Majesty, our late beloved Queen Victoria, insisted that the royal children should practise gardening.

How well I remember the excitement universal, when H. R. H. Prince Albert Edward's foot touched Canadian soil at Toronto—

> O, how the children sang
> And how the joy-bells rang!

It was an epoch in the annals of Canada, and what a wonderful history the British Empire has unfolded and evolved since then.

Victoria the Good has gone to rest and to God's own reward for faithful service as woman, wife, mother and ruler, and her noble son sits on her throne, together with our fair and noble Queen Alexandra. I possess among my priceless treasures five letters of acknowledgment and thanks from my late, now for ever silent Queen; four from His Majesty Edward VII., and two from Her Royal Highness Princess Louise; also one from the Marquis of Lorne, now His Grace the Duke of Argyll.

Next, and not long after, came the Royal Princes Alfred and Arthur, on their voyage around the world, and from a carriage on King Street, we saw the princely lads lifted into the Rossin House through a window on the west front—it was the old building, before the fire. The throng was so dense they could not be got in any other way.

In 1869 H. R. H. Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, visited Toronto again. At the Court held in Government House we had the honour of meeting the Prince, and later again on other occasions.

At our presentation to H. R. H., the Princess Louise, and His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, H. R. H. Prince George was present, as youthful in appearance as his royal father had been when he visited Canada—just a stripling. His Royal Highness the scholarly Prince Leopold—now gathered to his fathers—made a short visit to Ottawa, and accompanied his royal sister Princess Louise to England. Now his own posthumous son is seated on the grand ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Then came in recent years the visit to Canada of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, now next the throne, destined some day to rule over the great British Empire. From them likewise I have a letter of acceptance and thanks for my welcome to Canada—"Gold of Ophir"—sent on the day of their royal reception.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise has been called the most *distinguée* of her late Majesty Queen Victoria's daughters, and like her royal sisters, possesses gifts for the

fine arts. They could neither be royal Stuarts nor the children of Victoria and Albert without these high endowments. The Princess is now engaged in the preparation of a biography of her royal grandfather, his late R. H. the Duke of Kent.

The history of our English Royal Family is one of the most remarkable in the world, both for their number and their sterling worth—all sprung from the "Good" Duke of Kent and his charming Duchess of Germany. But for the noble bravery of one British soldier—an officer—there would not exist the present royal family of England. But I will not anticipate. The Duke of Kent's biography will record this interesting fact.

It is a pleasure to recall all the receptions at Government House, and the distinguished and brilliant people I have met there and elsewhere. How resplendent the Marchioness of Dufferin was in her superb diamonds and sapphires ! I recollect many a charming *tête à tête* with Lady Young, with Lady Lisgar, with the gentle Marchioness of Lansdowne, and others. Then followed the Derbys, the Aberdeens, and the Mintos. Prominent stand forth in high relief the dark, distinguished face of the Earl of Aberdeen, whose chief glory is his descent from John Knox, and the strong face of her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen. And now succeeds the kindly face of His Excellency the Earl of Minto, who springs from a historic family of the romantic borderland, and the flower-like face of the accomplished Countess of Minto. Epoch-making has been the period of their rule in our proud Canada, some day to rank among the great nations of the world, and second to no one of them.

I can never forget the great courtesy and kindness of the late lamented Marquess of Dufferin, who, during a literary correspondence with him, did me the honour of sending me from Clandeboye his biography of his mother, Lady Dufferin—Countess of Gifford—and her charming poems with her portrait. The literati of our country have not forgotten the eloquence of his brilliant orations.

Turn we now to a very different royal personage. I met him in Rome, the famous "builder" Ishmael or Ismäil Pasha, the first Khedive of Egypt, born in 1830. He became heir to the throne on the tragic death of his elder brother Achmet in the raging waters of the Nile in an accident during the flood of 1858. On his accession to the throne in 1863, he at once set about introducing his long-planned reforms. He constructed railroads, docks, elaborate systems of irrigation. He at first opposed but afterwards favoured the Suez Canal, which was opened in 1869. He was a master of Oriental diplomacy, and he exercised a very great influence over the Sultan. But he was surrounded by a "gang of swindlers." He was a spendthrift, had no moral earnestness, and no love of liberty. He possessed ability, in fact remarkable powers, but he was selfish—a true autocrat, and his subjects must have been slaves. All his works he carried out regardless of expense, until he had engulfed the land in a national debt of one hundred million pounds sterling, and the interest even could not be paid. Then came the intervention of England, Germany and France, and his deposition by the Sultan, when he fled from Egypt to Italy, self-exiled. Ishmael loved power with all his soul, and he loved luxury and splendour, pomp and ostentation. Umberto Primo, now the martyr-king, lent him La Favorita at Naples, a beautiful villa commanding fascinating views of the Bay of Naples. In Rome I had a good

opportunity of observing him well. He had no claim to good looks, yet there was something interesting, almost fascinating, about him. He possessed a pleasant voice—a caressing voice—and a winning smile, but they did not inspire confidence or impress one with truth. Behind the bland serenity there lurked an unpleasing something instinctively felt in coming into touch with him, and he never betrayed the faintest sign of the emotion that mastered him. He was permitted by the Sultan to retire to his palace of Ermighian on the Bosphorus, where he was in reality a state prisoner during the remainder of his life. He died in March, 1895.

We had a friend in Rome, a friend too of Liszt, an already distinguished sculptor, since knighted, Sir Moses Ezekiel. He used laughingly to warn his friends to beware, for he "represented both the law and the prophets." He is yet in Rome. He is an American Jew, dark, with black eyes—a perfect Jewish face.

His studio was in a part of the Baths of Diocletian. These vast ruins have two churches built out of and in them, the very magnificent Church of Saint Mary of the Angels, and the smaller, round church of San Bernardo. The former is a perfect gallery of immense and famous pictures, lovely chapels, and gorgeous pavements. At the entrance of one of the chapels is the grand statue of San Bruno by Houdon, one of the finest in Rome. Pope Clement XIV. used to say: "He would speak if the rule of his order did not forbid it."

In the Ezekiel studio, embellished with white marble statues, busts, "studies," groups, bright bits of tapestry, and a grand piano, were enacted many brilliant scenes. At these charming re-unions, which we always attended, I learned to know many accomplished and famous singers, musicians, composers, painters, authors, some of whom I have since welcomed to Toronto. Storey, who wrote the bewitching book, "Roba di Roma," was an American, and an intimate friend of Mr. Ezekiel. Such artists as Friedheim and Sgambati, both pupils of Liszt, and among his favourites, were to be met and heard in this retreat of the Muses. It would demand pages to speak of all these brilliant people, and I must forbear.

We met in her own palace the Princess Wittgenstein, a most accomplished and talented leader of literary society, and of high ecclesiastical circles. There the great Maestro Liszt played. The Princess knew music *au fond*, and of painting she was a connoisseur. She was said to have written the best criticism on Michael Angelo's Last Judgment.

I formed a friendship in Sachse-Weimar with the great Wieland's granddaughter, and I shall never forget her. What hours we passed together in the historic "Wieland-house," in the dear old garden, and in the Laube or arbor, where the immortal writer thought and wrote in summer days. He had a country-house a few miles from town—I will not trouble you with the name—and we drove out there to visit Wieland's grave. The monument, an obelisk, is on the lawn, near the house, enclosed with a bronze fence. The great old trees waved and rustled in the breezes, in harmony with our saddened souls. It seemed the loneliest place I was ever in, haunted by scores of literary memories.

I knew Frau Schumann, widow of the great composer, well. She was a queen in the musical world, and no one could perform her husband's immortal works quite as well as herself. Frau Schumann celebrated her jubilee. It was a very wonderful triumph. When she appeared the orchestra greeted her with a

flourish of trumpets, and presented her with a golden wreath of laurels on a purple velvet cushion, the vast audience standing, waving handkerchiefs and clapping hands.

We had the pleasure of knowing the great Swedish composer, Grieg, and of hearing him play. He was blond-haired, blue-eyed, and extremely fair. When he was playing, like a fiery steed tosses the head and mane, he would toss back his long, thick hair *à la* Rubinstein.

There was a student of the cello in the Conservatory, a dwarf and hunch-back, but he had an inspired face, and great soul-full brown eyes. I never knew until I heard him, of what things the cello is capable. He was not world-famous, but would have become so. When you listen to the Beethoven music, you see your own inner life pass before you, and so in hearing this youth. He gathered up the woe of human life in all its deepest strains and mysterious echoes, and wailed it out upon the ear, and the entranced soul wondered how the performer found that all out. God called him to higher realms.

The celebrated Professor Richter had a daughter just finishing at the same time. She was simply marvellous on the piano. She practised eight hours daily, and they warned her she was working too severely, but she heeded not. One day while playing her arms fell paralyzed to her side, and she will never lift them again.

I shall finish this paper with a king, one of the greatest Triumvirate of Music this world has ever seen, or perhaps ever will see again—Wagner. He sleeps now his last sleep in his own quiet garden, hard by the home where his stricken wife, Cosima von Liszt, still mourns, and his son Siegfried; but the echoes of his musical soul are ringing out among the nations, calling to noble deeds for liberty and humanity, for God and eternity. I *see* the wonderful face while I write, so full of the most unutterable things. And that busy, imaginative brain behind that face worked out those grand operas, so full of entrancing beauty, of melody, of harmonies indescribable, that lift one out of one's self, and fire one for nobler efforts. One knows no discouragement at such times.

In "The Flying Dutchman" a maiden offers her life to save another. In "Tannhäuser" the curse follows sin, and the Pope will not forgive, but God does. "Lohengrin" is the enemy of all foul slander, the champion of the true and the pure. That lovely march that one hears so gladly at weddings, and the delightful *Brautlied,* or Bride's Song, linger in the ear for ever.

I cannot mention all these works, but only stay to speak of the story of the "Niebelungen-Ring," in four parts, four distinct operas. The introduction so to say, "Rheingold," and a tetralogy following out of it, "Siegfried," "The Walküre," and "Götterdämmerung," the grand march of which rivals Beethoven's best. These names are untranslateable, but the last signifies the "Twilight of the Gods." "Parzifal" is the story of the Holy Grail, and is the master's swansong. Wagner was born in the old Brühl in Leipsic, and the house bears its inscribed plate. He toiled weary years to reach the goal; now he is an immortal. Liszt, Wagner, Von Bülow! What a triumvirate!

I met several times in London the Rev. William Arthur, the devout and brilliant author of "The Tongue of Fire." He was a very pleasant person in conversation, and a sister of his was one of my intimate friends. He was familiar with the music of the spiritual spheres; he knew and walked with his Divine Master, and this inner sunshine lighted up his face, as music gives life to a grand cathedral.

PROGRESS IN CHINA*

BY REV. A. J. BOWEN, NANKING, CHINA,

Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society.

INCE the utter failure of the Chinese to overthrow foreign influence by obliterating the foreigner in 1900, the people seem to have lost faith, not only in the Government's power to crush out foreign influence and to check the spread of Christianity in their country, but in their own ability to resist it. The result is that they believe Christianity will ultimately prevail, because back of and supporting it are all the forces of the modern world. The Chinese consider Christianity as the religion of the foreigner, and they feel quite certain that the foreigner is invincible. Believing that the Church represents the national and political strength of foreign powers, the people seek to join the Church in order to avail themselves of its prestige and power in their country. Thus in all sections numbers of people seek admission into our fold. This does not indicate greater spirituality on their part, but it does signify that the people believe there is irresistible power in the Church. To the Chinese it is quite strange that the missionaries do not open wide the Church doors and take them in. So again they are caused to realize the Church's power, inasmuch as it is independent of them, and they find themselves unable to use it for their own selfish purposes.

They are checked, and the shock causes them to reflect, and ask what this peculiar doctrine is and what these missionaries and their Churches really mean. There is thus afforded an opportunity to present the spiritual and moral side of our holy religion. So the people are becoming indoctrinated with the truths of Christianity before they enter into the fellowship of the Church. One of the sublimest spectacles of history is that of the unity among all Protestant missionaries in their desire and purpose to prevent the Christian faith from becoming paralyzed by the mighty tide of worldliness and sin that would otherwise flood its bounds and destroy its spiritual influence upon the people.

Another change taking place is, the Chinese themselves are recognizing the difference between the methods of Protestants and of Roman Catholics. The Catholic Church has never scrupled to take under its care the characters who have sought its folds through selfish motives. The magistrates in all provinces have had great trouble with Roman Catholic Christians. The contrast between the opposing methods of Protestants and Catholics is so marked that the Chinese quite clearly and justly separate the two. The Chinese authorities, together with the more intelligent people, are quite well aware of the fact that the two branches of Christianity do not represent the same thing.

Again, great progress is being made in educational affairs. During the last year the people have come to realize as never before the imperative need of knowledge which they do not possess. They are con-

*Condensed from The Review of Missions.

scious that the present situation demands modern thoughts and modern things. It is not a spiritual thirst that moves them, but a feeling that they are now face to face with a superior force, if not a superior race or races, and that their very maintenance as a nation depends upon a complete change in the prevailing *regime;* hence the great cry that is heard on all sides for foreign or modern education. The more intelligent students in schools and colleges condemn the ancient system of education as a thing of the past, and totally insufficient to meet the present needs of their country. Our mission schools are overflowing with students, while the governors and magistrates take pleasure in urging on this work of education among their people. Two years ago it seemed that all efforts were about to fail through the destruction of school buildings and the slaughter of their occupants. In place of the former have risen, and are still rising, larger and more beautiful structures; while ten times the present number of modern teachers could find employment in this country.

The people seem to have but little confidence in one another, but they are willing to risk the promise of the missionary to almost any extent. We seem to have completely won the confidence of the Chinese merchant and banker in our financial ability and integrity. They appear willing to risk both their money and their children in our hands.

In political affairs much has been already accomplished, and there is a steady movement that is driving this nation along the line of political reform. The alliance between England and Japan brings to China and to all of us a feeling of security from foreign aggression that is truly encouraging. England's treaty with China will tend greatly to help relieve many of the hard and oppressive policies of this Government.

In conclusion, let me refer to another encouraging feature of Protestant missions here—viz., the organic union of the various branches of the Protestant Church. The Presbyterian bodies have already agreed upon a basis of union, so that, if they are not forestalled in their efforts by the Church at home, there will be in the future but one Presbyterian Church in China. The Baptist divisions are earnestly seeking a similar basis of union. The Methodists are uniting their interests and moving along the same line. In fact, this spirit prevails and must eventually triumph in this country; the necessity of the situation demands it. Not only is this true among the different branches of the denominations, but there is also a spirit of fraternity and adjustment among all Protestants that causes them to rejoice in each other's welfare. It is the wish and prayer among all Protestants that this spirit of Christian union and church fellowship shall continue to move and inspire until the highest hopes be realized.

THE STARS ARE EVERYWHERE.

BY BLANCHE TRENNOR HEATH.

The summer comes, and the summer goes;
Falls the leaflet and fades the rose.
But summer or winter, in bloom or blight,
The sky is above, with its worlds of light,—
For the stars are everywhere!

Over the streets of the crowded town,
Over the wood and the desolate down,
Wherever a foot may chance to fall,
The steadfast shining is over all,—
For the stars are everywhere!

O lonely pilgrim along Life's road,
Through shadow bearing thy weary load,
Thou canst not wander so far astray
But a light shall brighten about thy way,—
For the stars are everywhere!

—*Christian World.*

WHERE THE AVON FLOWS.

BY MRS. FLORENCE LIFFITON.

MASON CROFT (MARIE CORELLI'S HOME), STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

STANDING in the oriel window of the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, I held discourse with an American woman, who told me Stratford-on-Avon was so interesting she could have stayed there half a day. Her husband basked in the sunshine reading a novel, while she surveyed the fascinating remains of ancient splendour, and their son, of a yet more exploitive spirit, studied his guide-book, viewed Caesar's Tower from different points, traced the newel staircases to their dungeon-like lobbies, and took a general leisurely interest in the surroundings.

A sense that I was already in Shakespeare's land, and had the liberty to spend a whole day in Stratford-on-Avon, if I should choose, made me linger another hour at the ruins and added comfort to my anticipations.

Meanwhile, how should I awaken and compress in that brief hour the romances and thrills comatose in those crumbling walls, and that serene landscape; how recall the Roman camp, the Saxon rendezvous, the early English stronghold and prison, the siege, the surrender, the royal residence, the tilt, the tourney, and the chase.

Clearly, the hero of Kenilworth was Simon de Montfort, who defended to the death the cause of liberty and justice, but the common mind slides as in a groove down two years after Elizabeth came to the throne, and three years before Dudley became Earl of Leicester, there yet remains a worm-eaten interest in the bare facts, upon which

"YE FIVE GABLES" AND SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

the whole gamut of kings, barons, and governors, to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Elizabeth, Queen of England. And this, no doubt, is due to Scott's romancing. However, clearing away the impossible Amy Robsart, who died we, as well as Sir Walter, may exercise our imagination.

To go back to the period of Elizabeth's childhood, we find that her royal father, Henry VIII., had a residence at Chelsea. It is more than likely that he countenanced the

form of public worship which he had inaugurated by attending the Chelsea parish church. There is absolute proof that he was once married there ; to wit, when he espoused Jane Seymour, and at this time Elizabeth must have been at a tender age, for her mother was the nearest predecessor to Jane.

The Northumberland pew is still shown in the north-east corner of the interesting old church, and there Elizabeth's cousin, Lady Jane Grey, often sat with her mother-in-law, the Duchess. It is not unlikely that Elizabeth's maiden

CHOPTON BRIDGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

form was sometimes seen with her cousin, or, that from the royal pew she met the admiring gaze of Robert Dudley, the fifth son of the Northumberlands ; perchance for him she was betimes coquettishly arrayed ; or, she extended to him her vain little finger-tips, or her blue eyes conspicuously met his masterful black ones, and all that sort of thing.

Later, when the Duke and Lord Guildford Dudley lost their heads in the Tower of London, and when the same terrible fate threatened Robert, may we not guess that she secretly rejoiced at his escape. Discretion would naturally preserve her from open friendship with the dishonoured family during the reign of her royal sister, but the readiness with which the remaining brothers are dignified after her accession, proves her latent sympathy. Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, occupies his inheritance ; Robert becomes Baron Denbigh and Earl of Leicester—literally owner of Kenilworth, with means to improve and to entertain with princely munificence. Here four times Elizabeth visited Leicester, but it was the last and most pompous of these entertainments that Scott improves with his irresponsible pen.

Before the visitor enters the enclosure of Kenilworth grounds—a space of about seven acres—he will have crossed dry-shod a portion of the Great Lake upon which Queen Bess and her splendid retinue approached the castle to be received by Leicester at the Great Gate. The magnificence of this reception has often been told—the flourish of trumpets, the blazing flotilla of nymphs, the personated gods with their specific gifts, of fish, of fowl,

of fruit, and corn and wine, of warlike weapons and instruments of music.

But, lo ! on the outer shore are the lads come up from Stratford-butler's cousin, or the sister of one of the scullery maids. What a slaughter of beef and chickens ! What a market for produce of dairy and garden ! What a flaunting of

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, HENLEY STREET.

on-Avon to see the grand display which for many weeks has been the sensation in Warwickshire. With no telegraph and no newspaper, how must tongues have wagged carrying the latest news from the castle, as told by the gay goods in the shops of Stratford and Warwick !

And among the lads from Stratford is sweet Will Shakespeare taking in the show with keen interest and an eye for the humours, as well as the splendours of the occasion,

THE BIRTH-ROOM, SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

never dreaming that of all that glorious reign he should be the flower.

In a pompous tomb in the Beauchamp Chapel of St. Mary's Church, in Warwick, lie the bones of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and beside him the next to the last of his several wives. Their dignified effigies lie in repose above them, even as Elizabeth's in Westminster Abbey, but Shakespeare's plain slab in his own parish church draws an interest and a reverence theirs cannot evoke. Because mind remains though pageants pass ; because in himself he was greater than potentates ; because what he gave to the world was mind and soul.

By Leicester's will, Kenilworth went to his brother, the good Earl of Warwick, but after his death King James had a mind to it, and soon it became again the property of the crown. Then followed the Commonwealth and its destruction. After the restoration the brother-in-law of the Duke of York became lord of the manor, through whose

THE LIVING-ROOM, SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

heirs it has come to the present owner, Lord Clarendon, whose sheep nibble the courtyard, and address visitors of every degree with a most irrelevant "Bah!" And now the chase is in cultivation, the moat is dry, the drawbridge is rust and dust, the loopholes provoke a smile at primitive warfare, and all is as a garment of the dead and gone, to help us to realize that once they lived and thought and fought and passed into silence as we shall pass.

AVENUE TO MAIN ENTRANCE, PARISH CHURCH.

Alas! the demolitions of England's strongholds! The Roman bulwarks that the Saxon laid low! The feudal castles that monarchy destroyed! The monastic piles sacrificed to the Reformation! The cathedrals scarred, the altars dismantled, the fortifications blasted in the Commonwealth! What treasures for the antiquary spilt! What zest lost to the student, the historian, and the tourist!

There was a scrimmage of small boys to carry my traps when at last I arrived at Stratford-on-Avon. I engaged the tallest and quietest, but others followed for sociability or possible pennies.

"Please, ma'am," one said, "this is the Shakespeare Fountain." "Please, ma'am," piped another, "I'll show you the Shakespeare Church." "Please, ma'am," put in a third, "that boy there knows some Shakespeare," whereupon the lad indicated began to recite. I afterward learned that Ellen Terry, who had recently played in the Memorial Theatre, took an interest in two of these little chaps, who knew some Shakespeare, and sent them each a copy of the plays, with her autograph, and the intelligible inscription, "Keep this book clean."

When the novelty had worn off, I dismissed all but the chief of my retinue, and failing in the addresses I had procured, had him show me where the Wesleyan minister lived. There, in answer to my request to be directed to respectable lodgings, the good little wife put on her hat and conducted me to 22 Payton Street, where in two minutes I was happily domiciled.

Next morning my delightful hostess set out with me, to show me the sights of the town. My feet would to the church, and to the church we went, slowly quaffing as we walked the compressed Shakespearian air. We passed down the grand avenue of limes flanked with quaint memorial stones, where the checkered sunshine played upon the fading inscriptions, and shimmered on the Avon, flowing peacefully.

It was the hour of divine service, and reverently we entered the sanctuary. There were two officiat-

PARISH CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

ing clergymen, and, including ourselves, twice as many persons in the congregation. The rooks in the embowering trees accompanied the prayers and psalms. It was an hour for impressions, and throughout the service clung the subconscious reflection that the same echoes were being disturbed which at his baptism caught Shakespeare's infantile sense, and to these very prayers and injunctions he had listened many a time. Up that very nave had passed his funeral cortege, and there, where Amens fall softly into the painted sunlight, just beyond the altar rail, were the tombs, whose inscriptions I might read when the service should be over. Whether or not one is a Shakespeare lover, one feels that here is a link binding the living present to a noble past which holds to the yet more remote, till one realizes that his pulses beat the march of the ages.

When the priests had left the chancel and the two superfluous women had filed out, we passed slowly along the chancel with its quaint miserere seats, to the place where, all in a row, from wall to

INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, SHOWING BUST AND GRAVES.

wall, are the Shakespeare graves. The great poet's forethought for the permanent repose of his bones seems to have been equalled by the happy selection of place, for the right of burial in the chancel belonged to him by a lease of the tithe.

On our way from the church to the Shakespeare Memorial Building, we passed Mason Croft, the home of Marie Corelli, who leads a train of enthusiastic devotees in the classic old town. She is an ardent Shakespearian, for his sake loving the antique and hating innovations. Her pen oozes satire directed at the corporation, the patrons, the anybodies whose taste is for anything more modern than the Elizabethan age. She confesses being fascinated by the mysterious oak-raftered little shop, and disliking the gaudy new plate-glass concern. She tells the townsmen how to make Stratford's hero, and the world's idol, bring wealth, as trade and manufacture make wealth for other towns. She laments that many are having the dear old fronts removed, and substituting modern atrocities. The steam launch permitted on the Avon is also a source of distress, especially as the increased washing of the shores has made it necessary to insert some masonry along the edge of the Bancroft Gardens.

It is, no doubt, a comfort that no electric-light has yet obscured the blushing moon in Stratford-on-Avon. When fair Luna is abroad, out goes the gas, and the antiquarians revel in real sixteenth century moonlight.

It has been whispered that the corporation men, the tradesmen, and the liberal patrons do not love Marie Corelli any better for telling them things, and some think there is a tinge of something bordering on spite in her pointed satires. But she speaks her mind, and nobody has any doubt that she has one, and, perhaps, the townspeople will reverence and preserve their curios better for her ardour. It may be, too, that the corporation, moving slowly, as is becoming, will gradually, but surely, adopt her suggestions and make Stratford-on-Avon a literary centre. Truly, there is one Shakespeare, and Marie Corelli is his prophet.

OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Every boy in the old town knows of Shakespeare ; some even know that he is dead, and all have faith more or less profound in his genius. A story is told of an old resident, who was quizzed by a tourist, after this manner : "Who was this Shakespeare, anyway ?" The old man scratched his head, and replied meditatively, "I beant sure, but I think he writ the Boible."

Standing in the rude back chamber of the Shakespeare birthplace, the visitor is permitted to gaze into the garden where all the flowers are cultivated which are mentioned in

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL BUILDING, FROM THE RIVER.

his works. If ever I longed to walk in a garden it was that afternoon in Stratford-on-Avon. Why was I not permitted ? Simply because naughty people—other people —would snap off a blossom to press, or a slip to root in a bottle, devastating the sacred place that should be everybody's property. For the same reason I could not ascend Guy's Tower, at Warwick Castle. The destroying fiends had chipped the masonry for souvenirs. The people who get the blame are Americans, and we are all Americans. Englishmen, as a rule, are not impressed with the eager confession, "I am from Canada." To them a Canadian is an American, and an American is a barbarian—a rude, uncultivated creature.

But to return to the upper window : one by one from out the mosses peer the varieties familiar.

"There's rosemary ; that's for remembrance. There's pansies ; that's for thought. There's fennel for you and columbines. There's rue for you. We may call it herb-o'-grace o' Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy, I would give you some violets,"—ah, it is poor Ophelia we are walking with down there among the flowers—"I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."

Our eyes search for "the freckled cowslip," the "sweet marjorum," even the "rude-growing briers." There is the primrose. "Primrose, first-born child of Ver." "Pale primroses that die unmarried, ere they can behold bright Phoebus in his strength."

"With fairest flowers while summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele, I'll sweeten thy sad grave ; thou shalt not lack the flower that's like

FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK TOWER.

thy face, pale primrose, nor the azured hareball, like thy veins, no, nor eglantine whom not to slander, out-sweetened not thy breath. . . Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none, to winter-ground thy corse."

The museum within affords an opportunity to study portraits of the bard. Disappointing though it may be, the only one with claims to genuineness is not that with the twinkling brown eyes ready to melt into love passages, but a face less favoured, blue-eyed and grave. Accompanying it are these lines by "Rare Ben Johnson":

> This figure which thou seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
> Wherein the graver had a strife
> With nature to out do the life.
> O could he but have drawn his wit,
> As well in brass as he hath hit
> His face, the paint would then surpass
> All that was ever wrought in brass.
> But since he cannot, reader, look
> Not on his picture but his book.

There is, however, in the picture-gallery of the Memorial Building, an ideal Shakespeare by Henry Hall, an American artist,

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.

which must fascinate every beholder. The face glows with passion, with intellect, and heart high-wrought, and set to the divine key; a suggestion of immortality in literary prowess, as though up in heaven he sits and writes dramas for the angels.

There is also an amusing picture of the young rascal before Sir Thomas Lucy, with the dead deer for witness. One almost hears him say, "I did it, sir, with my little arrow." There is such honest acknowledgment in his face, but no trace of shame or chagrin. I have seen this deer-stealing story scouted by more than one author, and was told by the custodian of the Shakespeare house and museum—a man most intelligent and well-informed—there were never any deer kept on the Lucy estate.

As early as the thirteenth century there was at Stratford-on-Avon, a religious and educational society called "The Guild of the Holy Cross," whose membership was composed of wealthy families, tradespeople, and even the souls of the dead. This society, broken up by Henry VIII., was reorganized by Edward VI. The Grammar School, its constituent, in all the glory of its black timber and "waggon roof" remains to this day, and here, in the period of seven years, this wonder of the world received his education. Close by is the Guild Chapel, and adjoining the school is the Guild Hall, where strolling players played, and children hung about to see.

Among the sights of Shakespeare's town is what is known as the "New Place," where the garden is kept in great beauty, adorned, like the other, with the flowers made dearer by his writings. Here is a group of statuary, representing Shakespeare seated between the Dramatic Muse and the Genius of Poetry. Here and

INTERIOR, ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

there, under a spreading tree, is an inviting bench where the visitor may sit and muse. But it is more than likely that he will take a hurried mental photograph, consult his watch, scribble a postal-card to drop in the nearest pillar-box, and seizing his umbrella, hasten away to the next point as though he were in danger of missing his train. Yet he may pause to admire the ivy-swathed pump with its chained handle, and curse the irate bishop who burned the house where Shakespeare lived in his prosperous days until his death.

Cannot a man do what he will with his own? Aye, forsooth, but the associations of a great man a successor may never own, but only occupy. If he destroys, he sins against

> "The generations
> That as yet unborn are waiting
> In the great mysterious darkness
> Of the speechless days that shall be."

There is a tower where, by many a turn, the visitor gains a wide outlook over an entrancing landscape; of skyward uplands, of pleasant fields, the winding Avon, the scattered town—all very charming, but unsublime. Clearly it was not the environs that made Shakespeare.

But oh for time to traverse these happy fields! to listen to the nightingale by cowslip-bordered hedgerows! to watch the twilight fall upon the hawthorn blossoms! to linger on the path to Shottery! to lie and dream upon the bank "whereon the wild thyme grows!" These indulgences belong to the holiday visitor, rather than to the tourist, yet when I boarded the train I felt that I could have tarried more than another day without ennui.

Toronto.

SAINTS OF TO-DAY.

BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

St. Barbara, St. Cecilia, Peter and Paul and John,
Famous in picture and story,
With a deathless halo of glory
That their bravery, patience and Christliness long ago won,
Were they more in daily living,
In the soul's sweet love out-giving,
Than some we have alway,
The dear saints of to-day?

In the little humdrum village, down the common dusty road,
Or the brick-paved city street,
With tired, smarting feet,
They are bearing on bending shoulders many another's load;
While we who sit at rest
To dream of past saints blest
Forget if but we may
The dear saints of to-day.

But perchance in the galleries of heaven, if we could but see,
Are hung in unmatched splendour
Pictures majestic, tender,
Of some dear, patient soul whom we long thought to be
A dreary, dull and lifeless thing;
And through the courts of heaven they sing
Of those whom angels say
Are dear saints of to-day.

THE ODYSSEY IN ART.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS.
—From a painting by Turner.

HE story of Ulysses is made up of his adventures and wanderings on his voyage from Troy to Ithaca. Ten years after the taking of Troy, he reached his native land, having travelled far and passed through many thrilling experiences. The strange peoples and countries he saw and the peculiar circumstances of his return home furnished an inexhaustible store of materials for Greek and Etruscan painters and sculptors. Modern artists have not only been entertained by the lively narrative of Ulysses' exploits and wayfarings, but have been spurred to paint the scenery of the Odyssey and to sculpture its statuesque figures.

Setting sail on the homeward journey, Ulysses' twelve ships were overtaken by a tempest and they came to the land of the Lotus-Eaters. Here some of the Ithacans, having eaten of the flowery food, were forthwith seized with a desire to abide there, forgetful of home.* But Ulysses dragged them away against their will and sailed to the island of the Cyclops, sometimes called Sicily. Landing, they hunted wild goats and soon were feasting gloriously.

Leaving the other ships and crews here, Ulysses, with his own ship and company, ventured forth and found the cave of Polyphemus, a shepherd of huge size who cared naught for

* This is the theme of Tennyson's fine poem "The Lotus Eaters," which catches the very spirit of languor of the land where it is always afternoon.

men or gods. Entering the vast cavern by the sea with twelve picked men, he foolishly waited for the Cyclops to come home in the evening with his flocks. The giant discovered the unwelcome strangers, devoured four of them, and, driving forth the sheep, placed a huge boulder at the entrance, shutting them within. But in this time of extremest peril, Ulysses' cunning failed him not. His wit proved superior to the Cyclops' strength. During the day he formed a plan to put out the monster's single eye, Polyphemus having first been stupefied with wine. Then Ulysses lashed the rams three together and bound a man under the middle one. He curled himself beneath the giant's favourite ram and clung to the thick wool. Thus they escaped from the blinded Cyclops, who stood at the doorway as the sheep passed out and put his hands over their backs. When they had rejoined their comrades in the ship, Ulysses shouted to Polyphemus, taunting him for his dulness.

Duncanson, an American painter, has pictured the tired mariners in the lovely isle of the Lotus-Eaters, and Kanoldt represented them hunting goats in a Sicilian landscape. Different incidents of the story have been chosen for pictorial representation by Poussin, Wiertz, Decamp, Leigh, Mulready, and others. Turner's "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" is one of the masterpieces of English painting.

In their voyagings, these old-time seamen next came to the isle of Aeolus, ruler of the winds, who royally entertained them. At parting he gave Ulysses a bag containing all the winds except the one to bear them homeward. When in sight of Ithaca, a sailor opened this wallet. Out flew the blasts and blew the ships back to Aeolus, who roughly refused further help. Again on the deep they sailed six days, wearily rowing without a wind, till they reached Læstrygonia. The Læstrygonians hurled great rocks at the ships and crews, destroying them all. Ulysses, in his barque outside the harbour, barely escaped their attack by putting out to sea.

The most significant story told by Homer is that of Circe's Island. In the forest glades the sailors of Ulysses found the halls of Circe builded of polished stone, in a place of wide prospect. And all around the palace mountain-bred wolves and lions were roaming, which she had bewitched. Within, the goddess was sweetly singing as she wove a splendid tapestry. At her invitation, all went in except the leader, who suspected some harmful guile. They heedlessly drank of a delicious but drugged potion, and were all transformed into swine by a stroke of her wand. Eurylochus besought Ulysses not to go near Circe. But the hero was obdurate. On the way Hermes met him and gave him an herb, whose potent virtue made him proof against the baleful arts of the nymph. Following the god's instructions, he succeeded in rescuing his enchanted comrades. After spending a year with Circe, he was told by her to visit Hades. There he would learn from the dead soothsayer, Tiresias, what mishaps were yet before him, and how he must proceed to reach Ithaca in safety.

The myth of Circe has furnished a wealth of pictorial materials for Botticelli, Guido, Romney, Riviere, and a host of others.

Sailing from Circe's island, Ulysses passed to the outer boundary of the world, and found the entrance to the infernal kingdom. Here he sacrificed sheep, calling upon the shades with vows and prayers. And to him flocked the ghosts of the departed, but Ulysses suffered none to draw nigh till he saw Tiresias, who

CIRCE AND THE ENCHANTED COMRADES OF ULYSSES.

—By Breton Riviere.

Story of Circe's cup, bright sparkling wine,
Story of Circe's curse making men swine.

foretold the chief events narrated later in the poem and his death at a happy old age. Ulysses held converse with his lost comrade Elpenor and with his mother. Then there gathered to him a crowd of phantoms, —men and women renowned in legend and song — Agamemnon, Achilles, and others. He saw Minos judging the dead, "the mighty Orion driving wild beasts together over the mead of asphodel"; Tantalus, standing in deep water that vanished away from his thirsty lips, and just over his head tempting fruits that he could never reach; Sisyphus, heaving and straining with useless efforts to roll a stone to the top of a hill; Hercules, with bow ready to shoot, terrorizing the shades on all sides. Meanwhile, myriads of spectres rushed up with "wondrous clamour," and Ulysses retreated, filled with nervous horror lest the dread Gorgon should appear.

The exciting episode of Ulysses' visit to the abode of the deceased, as told in the eleventh Odyssey, is a masterly piece of description, such as only a mighty wizard of the imagination could produce. It contains many vivid word-pictures, drawn by a few telling strokes, while some of the images are enough in the vague to throw an air of mystery over the Stygian realms.

Ulysses' escape from the Sirens and Scylla is the subject of a fine mosaic in Rome. The lovely creatures whose entrancing song captivated even the sagacious Ulysses are represented in many antique reliefs and paintings. They sit near the water's edge, beguiling passing mariners. The Greek was prevented by his refined instinct for beauty from painting or carving the hideous Scylla.

Against Ulysses' earnest appeals, the wearied sailors put ashore at Thrinacia. For a long month they were detained on the island by ill winds. Then Ulysses, in deep distress, went to a lonely spot to pray for relief. The first calm day they launched their ship. A violent storm arose, and all were drowned except Ulysses, who lashed the

mast and keel together and clung thereon. Soon the wind changed and bore him back to the raging whirlpool, Charybdis. Nine days he spent on the deep, and at last drifted to the isle Ogygia, where he was tenderly cared for by Calypso. In this remote paradise the unfortunate wanderer was detained eight long years a captive.

Homer draws a bright picture of this fragrant island, with its tropical richness and luxuriance. But a pitiful object is that of the great-hearted Ulysses sitting by the shore and gazing wistfully over the deep, consuming his life away in mourning for his return.

The action of the last half of the Odyssey occupies only eight days, but they are eventful days, filled with the memorable deeds of Ulysses and his son, Telemachus. So many occurrences take place that some of them must be omitted for lack of space.

Ulysses was borne on a Phæacian ship to his native land and laid on the strand, sleeping sweetly. Waking, everything seemed strange to him—"the long paths and the sheltering havens and the steep rocks and the trees in their bloom." Inquiring of a young herdsman who drew near, he learned that it was a broken, hilly isle called Ithaca. As they talked, the youthful shepherd, Athene in disguise, told him of the dissolute wooers who had lorded it in his palace for years and tried to force Penelope into a distasteful marriage. Athene assured him of her constant aid and bade him first go to his swineherd to await his son Telemachus' return from his travels in search of tidings of his father.

The following day Ulysses disclosed himself to Telemachus, avoiding the suitors lying in wait to murder him. During the affecting interview between father and son, they conferred concerning the best course to rid the house of the abusive suitors. The next morning Ulysses was led by his old servant to the city. When near the palace, they heard the music of the lyre and the voice of the minstrel in the assemblage of the suitors within the halls. Before the doors of the large building lay Ulysses' old hound, Argus, which "raised up his head and pricked his ears. . . . Yet even now when he was aware of Odysseus standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now the strength to draw. But Ulysses looked aside and wiped away a tear."

The well-known group of Ulysses as a beggar and his old dog is shown in ancient reliefs and on gems and coins. This touching passage inspired a capital picture by Riviere, and two noble works of sculpture by Macdonald and Spence.

In the palace Ulysses shares in the feast and then goes begging among the haughty suitors. They wonder who he is, and some pity him. He patiently submits to shameful treatment. Much to the delight of the princes, Penelope, glorious in aspect, comes to the hall and receives presents. Dancing and pastimes follow. When the festivities are broken up, Ulysses and his son remove from the walls the shields and spears. Ulysses then had an interview with Penelope, who anxiously questions him concerning her long-lost husband. While dwelling on her woes she narrates the story of her attempts to put off the suitors till she might finish a robe for Laertes' shroud, which she wove in the daytime and unravelled at night. After listening to the unhappy queen—a slave to circumstances as was every woman in those times—Ulysses indulges his faculty for inventing clever fictions. Stirred by his words and her own sad memories, she gives way to tears, and his old nurse proceeds to wash his feet. Being revealed to her by an old scar, Ulysses warns her not to cry out. Meanwhile Penelope in-

forms him of the coming trial of the suitors on the morrow, when she must accept the man who can string Ulysses' mighty bow and shoot an arrow through twelve axes. The next day when she brings it forth from the treasure-chamber none of the effeminate gallants can bend it. Ulysses makes his plans known to the loyal neatherd and the swineherd, who bar the doors and the outer gate. The bow is handed to him, against the loud remonstrances of the suitors. They turn colour when he easily strings it and sends a shaft through all the axes. Telemachus and the two trusty servants arm themselves and come to his side. Ulysses leaps upon the threshold to prevent the escape of any, and pours forth the long arrows from a full quiver. With a clamour the suitors arose in alarm. Fast flew the destructive missiles, and soon the floor was covered with slain men. The slaughter of the suitors ended, the old nurse eagerly ran to awake her mistress, who was at length convinced that he was really Ulysses.

AT SUMMER'S CLOSE.

A SKETCH IN COLOURS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Now the slant sunbeams, through autumnal haze,
Soft amber light o'er all the land are shedding.
Now asters, royal-hued, and goldenrod
From field and roadside greet you. Grapevines now
Hang thick with purpling clusters; apple-boughs
Are bending earthward, laden with a wealth
Of green, and russet, and rich ruby red;
The pink-cheeked peaches blush their rosiest now;
Now pears are purest yellow; damsons now
In their dark blue are dressing. And, e'en now,
The artist hand of Autumn is beginning
To try her tints among the maple trees;
Here is a spray all saffron-streaked, and there
One splashed with scarlet. In these late, last hours,
When Summer's day is closing, she hath colours
Her noontide never knew.

Toronto.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."
—Jesus Christ.

XXVII.

ALF a thousand men gave chase; but the assailant had escaped to the common shelter of the coasting town. He had taken to the water.

It was now quite dark; clouds had gathered; the winds had risen suddenly; thunder was heard. A fierce gust tore the dust of Angel Alley, and hurled it after the fleeing criminal; as if even the earth that he trod rejected him. In this blinding and suffocating whirlwind the pursuers stumbled over each other, and ran at haphazard. The police swept every skulking-place, dividing their forces between the Alley and the docks. But their man, who was shrewd enough, had evaded them; it was clear that he had marked out an intelligent map of escape, and had been able to follow it.

The baffled police, thinking at least to pacify the angry people behind them, kept up that appearance of energy, with that absence of expectation, for which their race is distinguished.

An officer who was stealthily studying the docks far to the westward, and alone, suddenly stopped. A cry for help reached him; and it was a woman's cry. The voice kept up an interrupted iteration:—

"Police! Help!—Murder! Sergeant!—Help! Help!" as if choked off, or strangled in the intervals.

The sergeant, following the sound as well as he could, leaped down the long, empty wharf from whose direction the cry seemed to come, and peered over the slimy edge. The storm was passing noisily up the sky, and the darkness was of the deepest.

Out of its hollow a girl's voice uprose:

"Sergeant! Sergeant! He's drowning me! But I've got him!" and bubbled away into silence.

At that moment there was lightning; and the outlines of two figures struggling in the water could be distinctly seen. These two persons were Lena and Ben Trawl. They seemed to have each other in a mutual death-grip. The girl's hands were at the man's throat. He dashed her under and under the water. But her clutch did not relax by a finger. He held her down. But Lena held on.

"After I've strangled you!" gasped Lena.

"Drown, then!" muttered the man.

Her head went under; her mouth filled; this time she could not struggle up; her ears rang; her brain burst. But the little fingers on the big throat clutched on. Then she felt herself caught from above—air came, and breath with it—and Ben swore faintly.

"Undo your hands, Lena," said the sergeant. "We've got him. You don't want to hang him before his time."

Another flash of lightning revealed the sea and sky, the docks and the officers, and Ben, purple and breathing hard, stretched upon the wharf. Lena heard the snap of the handcuffs upon his wrists; and then she heard and saw no more.

The sergeant touched the girl's dripping and unconscious figure with a respect never shown to Lena in Windover police circles before.

"She might not come to, yet," he said; "she's nigh enough to a drowned girl. Get a woman, can't you, somebody?"

"The man's all we can manage," replied a brother officer. "Get him to the station the back way—here! Give a hand there! Quick! We'll have lynch-law here in just about ten minutes, if you ain't spry. Hark! D'ye hear that?"

A muffled roar came down the throat of Angel Alley. It grew, and approached. It was the cry of all Windover raging to avenge the Christian hero whom it learned, too late, to honour.

. . . . . .

"Anyhow, he'll hang for it," muttered Lena, when she came to herself in her decent room. Johnny's mother was moaning over her. Lena pushed the old woman gently away, and commanded the retreating officer,—

"Say, won't he? Out with it!"

"Well," replied the officer in a comfortable tone, "a good deal depends. Liquor men ain't skerce in this county. He'd get twenty witnesses to swear to an alibi as easy as he's get one."

"Let 'em swear," said Lena. "I see him do it. I saw him heave the stone."

"That might alter the case, and again it mightn't," replied the officer; "It would depend on the value of the testimony—previous reputation, and so on."

Lena groaned.

"But I caught him by the arm! I stood alongside of him. I was watching for it. I thought I'd be able to stop him. I'm pretty strong. I grabbed him—but he flung me off and stamped on me. I see him heave the rock. See! There's the mark, where he kicked me. Then he ran, and I after him. I can swear to it before earth and heaven. I see him fling that rock!"

"You see," observed the officer, "it ain't a case of manslaughter just yet. The minister was breathing when they moved him."

. . . . . .

They carried him to his own rooms, for it was not thought possible to move him further. He had not spoken nor stirred, but his pulse indicated that a good reserve of life remained in him. The wound was in the lung. The stone was a large and jagged one, with a cruel edge. It had struck with malignant power, and by one of those extraordinary aims which seem to be left for hate and chance to achieve.

His wife had caught him as he fell. She had uttered one cry; after that her lips had opened only once, and only to say that she assented to her father's proposal for the removal of her husband to Mrs. Granite's house, and that she entreated them to find some gentle method of transportation over the rough road.

Captain Hap stepped up (on tiptoe, as if he had been in a sick-room), and whispered to the surgeon who had been summoned to Angel Alley.

"That will do," said the surgeon; "it has never been tried, that I know of, but it is worth trying—most modern ideas are—if practicable."

"The fishermen hev cleared the car, the company has cleared the track, and the motorman is one of his people," said Captain Hap; "an' there's enough of us to carry him from here to heaven so—so lovin'ly he'd never feel a jolt."

The old captain made no effort to wipe the tears which rained down his wrinkled cheeks. He and Job Slip, with Mr. Bond and Bob and Tony, took hold of the stretcher; they looked about, to choose, out of a hundred volunteers, the sixth strong hand.

The Reverend George Fenton, agitated and trembling, forced his way through the parting crowd, and pleaded piteously to be allowed to offer his assistance in carrying his wounded classmate.

"I have never lifted a hand to help him since I came to Windover," cried Fenton in the voice of a man who would rather that the whole world heard what he said and knew how he felt. "Let me have this chance before it is too late!" . . . I'm not worthy to touch his bier," added Fenton brokenly.

They gave way to his pleading, and it was done as he asked. Thus the wounded man was carried gently to the electric-car—"the people's carriage." The fishermen, as the captain said, had captured it; they stood with bowed heads, as the stretcher passed through them, like children, sobbing. Throngs of them followed the slowly moving car, which carried Bayard tenderly to his own door. It was said afterwards that scores of them watched all night outside the cottage, peering for some sign of how it fared with him; but they were so still that one might hardly tell their figures from the shadows of the night.

The wind had continued to rise, but the thunder had passed on, and the shower was almost over when Bayard's bearers lifted him across the threshold of Mrs. Granite's door. At that moment one belated flash ran over earth and sea and sky. It was a red flash, and a mighty one. By its crimson light the fishermen saw his face for that last instant; it lay turned over on the stretcher quietly, towards his wife. The red colour dyed her bridal white, and the terrible composure of her attitude was revealed; her hand was fast in his;

she seemed to communicate, God knew how, with the unconscious man.

The flash went out, and darkness fell again.

"Then God shut the door," muttered an old and religious fisherman who stood weeping by the fence, among the larkspurs.

. . . . . .

The wind went down, and the tide went out. Bayard's pulse and breath fell with the sea, and the June dawn came. The tide came in, and the wind arose, and it was evening. Then he moaned, and turned, and it was made out that he tried to say, "Helen?—was Helen hurt?" Then the soul came into his eyes, and they saw her.

. . . . . .

He did not sink away that day, nor the next, and the evening and the morning were the third day in the chamber where death and life made duel for him.

He suffered, it is hard to think how much; but the fine courage in his habit of living clung on. The injury was not, necessarily, a fatal one. The great consulting surgeon called from Boston said, "The patient may live." He added: "But the vitality is low; it has been sapped to the roots. And the lung is weak. There has been a strain sometime; the organ has received a lesion."

Then Job Slip, when he heard this, thought of the minister's cough, which dated from that battle with the surf off Ragged Rock. And the value of his own cheap life, bought at a price so precious, overwhelmed the man. He would have died a hundred deaths for the pastor. Instead, he had to do the harder thing. It was asked of him to live, and to remember.

In all those days (they were eight in number) Jane Granite's small, soft eyes took on a strange expression; it was not unlike that we see in a dog who is admitted to the presence of a sick or injured master. God was merciful to Jane. The pastor had come back. To live or to die, he had come. It was hers again to work, to watch, to run, to slave for him; she looked at the new wife without a pang of envy; she came or went under Helen's orders; she poured out her heart in that last torrent of self-forgetful service, and thanked God for the precious chance, and asked no more. She had the spaniel suffering, but she had the spaniel happiness.

. . . . . .

For seven days and nights he lay in his shabby rooms, a royal sufferer. The Christ above his bed looked down with solemn tenderness; in his moments of consciousness (but these were few) he glanced at the picture.

Helen had not left his room, either day or night. Leaning upon one arm on the edge of the narrow bed, she watched for the lifting of an eyelid, for the motion of a hand, for the ebbing or the rising of a breath. Sometimes he knew her, and seemed to try to say how comforting it was to him to have her there, in the dreary old rooms, where he had dreamed of her sumptuous presence; where they meant to begin their life and love together.

But he could not talk. She found herself already anticipating the habit of those whom the eternal silence bereaves, recalling every precious phrase that his lips had uttered in those last days; she repeated to herself the words which he had said to her on Sunday morning,—

"Nothing can harm us now, for you are mine, and I am yours, and this is for ever."

As the seventh day broke he grew perceptibly stronger. Helen yielded to her father's entreaties, and for a moment absented herself from the sick-room—for she was greatly overworn,—to drink a breath of morning air. She sat down on the step in the front door of the cottage. She noticed the larkspur in the garden, blue, and tall; bees were humming through it; the sound of the tide came up loudly; Jane Granite came and offered her something, she could not have said what; Helen tried to drink it, but pushed the cup away, and went hurriedly upstairs again.

A cot had now been moved in for her beside Bayard's narrow bed. She sat down on the edge of it, between her father and her husband. The Professor stirred to step softly out.

"Dear Professor!" said Bayard suddenly. He looked at the Christ on the wall, and smiled. "We meant—the same thing—after all," he whispered.

Then he put his hand in his wife's, and slept.

It came on to be the evening of the eighth day. He had grown stronger all the day, but he suffered much.

"Folks are keepin' of him back

by their prayers," said the religious old fisherman, who leaned every day upon the garden fence. "He can't pass."

But Job Slip and Captain Hap, who sat upon the doorsteps, listening from dawn to dark for any sign from Bayard's room, said nothing at all.

It came to be evening, and the tide had risen with the wind. The sea called all night long. Helen sat alone with her husband.

He did not wander that night, but watched her face whenever he was not asleep.

"Kiss me, Helen," he sighed at midnight.

She stooped and kissed him.

"You poor, poor girl!" he said.

The wind went down, and the tide went out. The dawn came with the ebb. Bayard fell into a sleep so gentle that Helen's heart leaped with hope. She stole out into the study. Captain Hap was there; his shoes were off; he stepped without noise. The sunrise made a rose-light in the rooms.

"It is real sleep," breathed Helen. "Don't wake him, Captain."

But when the old sailor-nurse would have taken her place for the morning watch, she shook her head. She went back and lay down on the cot beside her husband; he moved his hand, as if he groped for hers, and she was sorry that he had missed it for a moment.

"It shall not happen again," she thought.

Then exhaustion and vigil overcame her, for she had watched for many nights; and thinking that she waked, she slept.

When she came to herself it was broad, bright day. Her hand had a strange feeling; when she tried, she could not move it, for he held it fast. There were people in the room,—her father, her mother, Captain Hap. She stirred a little, leaning towards her husband's pillow.

"Dear, are you better this morning?"

But some one came up, and gently laid a hand upon her eyes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Job Slip went down to the water, and it was dark. He walked apart, and took himself into that solitary place on the wharves which he remembered, where he had knelt in the rain, one night, and said, "God," for Mr. Bayard.

A mackerel keg was there—the same one, perhaps; he overturned it, and sat down, and tried to understand. Job had not been able to understand since Mr. Bayard was hurt.

Thought came to him slowly, and with pain like that caused by the return of congested blood to its channels.

"He is dead," said Job. "Lord A'mighty, he ain't alive. Seems I couldn't get it into my head. They've killed him. He's goin' to be buried."

Job clenched his gnarled hands together, and shook them at the sky; then they dropped.

"Seems like shakin' fists at him," thought Job. "I ain't a-goin' to. S'posen he's up yander. That's the idee. Lord A'mighty, what do you mean by it? You didn't stop to think of us reformed men, did you, when you let this happen? . . . For Christ's sake, Amen," added Job, under the impression that he had been giving utterance to a prayer.

"Mr. Bayard?" called Job aloud. He slipped off the keg and got upon his knees. As he changed his position, the fisherman vaguely noticed the headlight of the schooner on which he was to have taken his trip, that night. "There goes the 'Tilly E. Salt,'" said Job, interrupting himself; "she's got to weigh without me, this time. I'm guard of honour for the—the—I can't say it!" groaned Job. "It's oncredible him bein' in a—him put in a—Lord, he's the livin'est man I ever set my eyes on; he can't die! . . . Mr. Bayard? Mr. Bayard, sir?"

Job paused, as if he expected to be answered. The water dashed loudly against the old pier. The distant cry of the buoy came over the harbour. The splash of retreating oars sounded faintly somewhere, through the dark.

"He's livin' along," said Job, after some thought. "He can't get fur out of Angel Alley. He wouldn't be happy. He'd miss us, someways; he's so used to us; he's hoverin' in them hymn-toons and that gymnasium he set so much by. I'll bet he is. He's lingerin' in us poor wretches he's spent three year makin' men of . . . He's a-livin' here."

Job struck his own broad breast, and then he struck it again. A

shudder passed over his big frame; and then came the storm. He had not wept before, since Mr. Bayard died. The paroxysm wearied and weakened him, and it was the piteous fact that these were the next words which passed the lips of the half-healed drunkard.

"God A'mighty, if I only had a drink!"

. . . . . .

Two hours afterwards, Job Slip came up the wharves; he came as he went, alone; he walked with a steady step; he held his head high in the dark. He whispered as he walked:—

"I didn't—no, I didn't do it. . . . Being' left so—I've alwers had you, sir, before, you know. It makes a sight o' difference when a man hain't anybody but God. He's a kinder stranger. I didn't know, one spell there—but I was goin' yander? I'll do you credit, sir, see if I don't. I won't disgrace you, sir."

At that moment Job shied suddenly, like a horse, clear from one side of the wharf to the other. He cried aloud,—

"Why, why, what's here? What's got me?"

Fingers touched him, but they were of flesh; little fingers, but they were warm, and curled confidingly in Job's big hand.

"Joey? You? Little Joey! Why, father's sonny boy! You come just in the right time, Joey. I was kinder lonesome. I miss the minister. I ain't—just feelin' right."

"Fa—ther," said Joey, pleasantly; "Marm said to find you, for she said she fought you'd need you little boy."

"And so I do, my son, and so I do!" cried Job.

With Joey's little fingers clasped in his, Job walked up Angel Alley, past the doors of the dens that were closed, and the doors that were open still; and if the ghost of the dear, dead minister had swept visibly before Job and Joey, no man could have tempted or disturbed them less.

. . . . . .

In his own chapel, in Angel Alley, Bayard lay in state. It was such as the kings of the earth might envy, and its warriors and its statesmen and its poets do not know. It was said that his was the happiest dead face that ever rebuked the sadness of the living; and the fairest that they who wept for him had ever seen. Death had not marred his noble beauty; and in death or life there was no comelier man. All the city thronged to show him reverence who had lived among them baffled, doubted, and sick at heart; and it appeared that those who had done the least for him then, would have done most for him now: the people of ease; the imitators; the conformers, and the church members who never questioned their own creeds or methods; the summer strangers playing at life upon the harbour coast, and visitors from a distance where the preacher had his fame.

But when these superior and respectful persons crowded to give their tardy tribute to him, they were told that there was no room for them in the chapel; nay, they could scarcely find footing in the dust of Angel Alley. For they were held back by the sacred rights of "nearest mourners"; and Bayard's mourners claimed him. It was said that hundreds of sunburnt men had stood waiting in the street since midnight for the opening of the doors, and the chance to enter. Then, there had passed up the steps of Christlove Chapel the great mass of the neglected and the poor, the simple and the sodden and the heart-broken, and those who had no friends but only that one man; and God had taken him. The fishermen of Windover, and the poor girls, the widows of Windover, and the orphaned children, the homeless, foreign sailors, and the discontented labourers from the wharves poured in; and the press was great.

He lay among them regally, wrapped in his purple pall. And he and Helen knew that her bridal roses withered for ever out of mortal sight upon his breast. But she had given him up at this last hour to his people; he was theirs, and they were his, and what they willed they did for him, and she did not gainsay them. They covered him with their wild flowers, after the fashion of the Cape; and clumsy sailors brought big, hot-house bouquets flaring on wires and splashed with tears, "to give the minister."

One poor girl brought no flowers to Bayard's burial. Lena brought only sobs instead, and watered his pall with her tears, and hid her face, and passed on, with her hands before it.

Now, around the bier there stood a guard of honour strange to see; for it was chosen from the Windover

drunkards whom the pastor had saved and cured. Among them, Job Slip stood proudly in command at the minister's head; the piteous type of all that misery which Bayard had died to lessen, and of that forgotten manliness which he had lived to save.

There was no dirge sung at Christlove Chapel when he was borne from it. A girl's voice from a darkened corner of the gallery started "the minister's hymn," but trembled, and broke quite down. So the fishermen took it up, and tried to sing,—

"I need Thee every hour."

But they, too, faltered, for they needed him too much; and in silence, trying not to sob, with bared, bowed heads, they passed out gently (for his spirit was upon them), thinking to be better men.

. . . . . .

One of the summer people, a stranger in the town, strolling on the beach that day, was attracted by an unusual and impressive sight upon the water, and asked what that extraordinary display of the signs of public mourning meant.

An Italian standing by made answer,—

"The Christman is dead."

He tried to explain further, but choked, and pointed seaward, and turned away.

For, from every main in the harbour, as far as eye could see, the flags of Windover floated at half-mast. The fishermen had done him this honour, reserved only for the great of the earth, and for their own dead mates; and most sacred for these last.

The End.

ENDURANCE.

BY E. A. ALLEN.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer, than our own,
Anon it faints and fails in deadly strife,
Leaving it stunned and stricken and alone.
But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn—
Lo! all things can be borne!

—*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

THE MAKING OF A ROMANIST.

BY THE REV. SELBY JEFFERSON.

"GOING to Division to-night, Mary?" asked Jean McLean, as she passed the McDonald home and saw Mary taking in the clothes.

"No, I don't think so," said Mary, "What with Division on Monday night, prayer-meeting Wednesday, 'True Blues' Thursday, and Christian Endeavour on Friday night, I never seem to have time for anything."

"Then give up your last love, Mary, the 'True Blues,'" said Jean.

"No, indeed," said Mary, "I would rather give up any, or all the rest, than that."

The "True Blues," this latest offshoot of Orangeism, had only lately come to Trenton, and the McDonalds, all enthusiastic Orangemen, were delighted with the opportunity of their women, especially the young ones, sharing their secrets, and showing their zeal in the Protestant cause.

Four years after this Mary was married, marrying William McVicar, a good Presbyterian, and a loyal Orangeman. So that she was happy in both her loves and hates, at any rate she thought she was, which is much the same thing. The first twelve months of married life was one long honeymoon. Soon afterwards a baby came, then baby number two, and by and by in the McVicar home there were three children. One after another the outside interests were let go. The "True Blues" themselves were given up, and there remained only the week-night prayer-meeting. But every day has its night and every sweet its bitter. So it came to pass that Mary, busied about her spring cleaning, lifted a weight too heavy for her, and, though the strain didn't seem much at the time, she felt it "come against her," as she said, the next week or two. Gradually it got worse, till life became burdensome, and she was forced to call in a doctor. He pronounced it a rupture, and ordered her to bed, where she lay for many weary weeks without improvement At last she was taken to the hospital at Newcastle, a town in the centre of the Orinoco coalfields.

This hospital, called St. Barnabas, is generally spoken of as a public institution; and apparently it is truly such. So much per month is kept from every man's wages who works in or about the mine, Catholic and Protestant alike. There is a provincial government grant, too, of three thousand dollars a year; and from miles around the suffering come in their hours of extreme need, knowing that so long as there is an empty bed they will never be said nay. The charges are very moderate. Sometimes, indeed, if the patient is very poor, there is no charge at all. Yet, in reality, the institution is a Roman Catholic one, as Romanist as the most ultramontane wishes it to be, at present.

One or two of the nurses are Protestant, and one or two Protestant gentlemen of wealth are on the board of directors. But the priest himself determines the policy of this board in all important matters. It was on his initiative that the building was undertaken. It was he who suggested that a small minority of the directors be Protestant. And it was his request the two present Protestant directors consented to act. He is chairman of the board, and it is his wisdom, which so wisely orders all, that is, that whilst there is never discrimination made against any man because of his religion, nothing is ever done that may not sooner or later be made to work to the advantage of Holy Church. The matron and most of the nurses are Catholics. Beside these, there are the sisters from a near-by convent in regular attendance. There is a neatly furnished little chapel on the second-story, and in this chapel at almost every hour of the day one or two sisters are to be seen at prayers.

There is no attempt made, of course, by way of argument or teaching to proselytize a Protestant patient. Any clergyman is allowed at any time to visit his people. But in the interval of such visitation a priest will drop into some convalescent's ward for a few moments' cheery talk. Then, with

or without a short extempore prayer, as best may seem, he will wish the patient well, and pass on. Some one of the sisters will sit by the bedside all night long, waiting on a patient's every want, counting her beads in the intervals of sleep, and, if you are restless and can bear it, reading a little to wile away the weary hours. So that the atmosphere of the place is wholly Roman Catholic.

Now, against "the hospital," not St. Barnabas especially, but any hospital, there is a deep-seated prejudice in the minds of the old inhabitants of Overton County. Their fathers for generations have been fishers; and when in the spring and fall, as they happened to be at Port Peri—the old mercantile centre for the whole province—if a man were detained through accident or disease, and ordered to the hospital, he dreaded the doctors far more than the disease, and would gladly have weathered the stormiest passage home in the dirtiest little cuddy of a schooner than have gone off in the ambulance. Nor was their fear wholly unfounded. The institution itself was of the old-fashioned sort, with very crude equipment. Many of the patients were of the poorest of the people, with whom it was at one time almost thought allowable to experiment. Of these, too, most were sent there as a last resort, and were either such chronic cases as baffled the best medical skill, or cases just too long delayed for any human help. It was no wonder, therefore, that the death rate was abnormally high, or that the fishermen from out-of-the-way Overton shrank back from going.

Thus it was, after many a protest and much procrastination, that Mrs. McVicar consented, at last, to go to St. Barnabas. From childhood she had heard of the heartless treatment given in such places. Her uncle Jonas had gone to one years ago and come home to die. And yet it was her only hope. For the sake, then, of her husband and the children, she at last gave way. Never in all her life had she felt so lonely as she did that night when her good man Ronald had gone, and she was left alone in that barely furnished, high-ceiled, white-plastered, cold-looking room, with strange soft sounds in the corridors, and all the horrible associations the place called up. And when at night one of those hooded sisters glided ghost-like to her bedside it seemed for a moment as though the end had come. But when assured of who and what it was, in all that strong revulsion against Roman Catholicism, which her Presbyterian upbringing had ever fostered, she would Knox-like have denounced the sister and all she stood for, but that strength failed and she fell back in helpless and convulsive weeping.

But kindness tames the most savage heart, and subdues at last the highest spirited opposition. So by and by it came about that she even looked for the coming of the quiet sister, whose sweetness seemed somehow to soften her own lot and lead her to look up and hope in the unfailing goodness of God. All else was equally unexpected, as this sister's kindly, gentle ways. The word hospital itself came to connote the very opposite of all Mrs. McVicar had once associated with it. For St. Barnabas is a modern institution, with every latest device for easing pain and making effective the surgeon's and physician's skill. Bit by bit, and day by day, the evil was undone till at last she went forth, weak, indeed, and pale, but a new woman, needing only the winds and weather and old associations of Overton to make her the hale and hearty body she once was.

And now the one unending subject of her glad and grateful conversation with every neighbour was the hospital, that heaven-on-earth she had found at Newcastle; above all else the kindness, the real goodness of the Roman Catholic sisterhood. "To think," she would say, "to think I ever could have imagined them to be what once I thought they were! It shames me as I sit here. I thought it was all put on, a vain show, arrant hypocrisy. But it is not, God forgive me, it is not. They are just the gentlest, kindest, thoughtfullest, best of women. At any time of the day or night they were at my call. Oh, if I were only half as patient and as good as they."

By and by Mr. McVicar was promoted, and the family moved to Harrisburg. The children were growing and going to school. Both father and mother wanted to give them the best education possible, and shield them from evil associations. But the public schools at Harrisburg had a bad repute. The coarsest children of the town attended them, and the language of the play-ground was poisonous.

"Why not send them to the convent schools," said a Roman Catholic visi-

tor, who, having heard of their arrival in town, happened to call as the parents were discussing the question.

"I don't know," said Mrs. McVicar, "do you think they would allow them there?"

"I cannot say, of course; but if you like I will see the sisters, and speak to them about it."

"Thank you, very much, it would greatly ease my mind to have them go."

A week later their visitor called again to say that "though the schools were well filled, the sisters thought that they could make room for three more scholars if Mrs. McVicar specially desired it."

So Alec and Katie and Emma McVicar were sent to the convent school. Alec disliked it from the first, but Katie and Emma were delighted. Katie especially, who was of an æsthetic temperament, almost worshipped her teachers. After a while it was noticed that she went regularly to the chapel on a Saturday afternoon. Her father called her to him one day to inquire as to what it meant.

"I don't know, father," she said, "the sisters go and they asked me to go with them. They don't do anything, you know, only pray. I like it too, especially when there is a proper service. It is all so different from our service, father; they have the most beautiful music, and all the flowers, the pictures, the vestments, and things; it is all just lovely. I think I shall have to be a Catholic when I grow up."

Now the child had never really thought about Protestantism versus Roman Catholicism, but the mere mention of these accessories of the chapel's worship, as she thus gave reason for her conduct, made them all the more meaningful to her mind. It was indeed in some sort a new birth. She was her mother's own daughter, making her own instinctive, independent choices, and hardly holding by them when once made.

Her father had never dreamt of any such turn as this. Himself most conscientious where another's religion was concerned, he had been blind to the danger into which he had allowed his children. Slowly roused, he was at last awake, and raved and stormed about treachery and deception. Gentle reasoning might have led Kate to think differently. But instead of this he put his foot down, as he said, forbidding her ever again to cross a chapel's threshold, and taking her straight way from the school. It was an unwise way, even if it were not, indeed, in any case too late. His harshness was met by the roused spirit of his child. Quietly she seemed to abide by his ruling at the time, but in her heart she, who had barely thought of Roman Catholicism, became a confirmed Romanist. When she came of age she married the organist of the chapel. And though there was breach and bitterness between her and her parents for a while, the coming of her firstborn healed that, too, for by the magic of its winsome ways the little one won to reconcilement the hard and stern old man. And the little one's name was Mary; after its grandmother, it was said, but still more in Katie's mind was it after that other Mary, the "Mother of God," blessed above all women. And the fondest hope she had was that some day her little one would grow up to be a sweet sister, either teaching in a convent school or tending the sick ones in some hospital ward.

Louisbourg, C. B.

NOTE.—The moral of Mr. Jefferson's story is that Methodists should have a hospital of their own, and not place the members of their households, in time of physical depression and pain, under the subtle and soothing influences of a Catholic sisterhood. We hope that in the near future such a hospital will be established in Toronto, and we hope also elsewhere. Another lesson is that Protestant people should maintain schools, as we believe they for the most part do, second to none for the training of their young people. Yet on account of the comparative cheapness of education at some convents, a cheapness sometimes secured by its inferior quality, penny-wise and pound-foolish parents will sometimes expose their young people in the most impressionable years of their life to influences which undermine their religious principles and pervert them from truth to error. Our noble chain of schools and colleges, stretching from St. John's, Newfoundland, Sackville, Stanstead, Belleville, Whitby, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Edmonton to New Westminster, remove the excuse for making their children pass through the fires of Moloch.—ED.

NUMBER 79.

BY MRS. NETTIE CLARK.

I.

JIM PRINGLE and his pretty wife moved out in May to the charming summer home which Jim had built with the savings of an abstemious and self-denying youth and young manhood. They had been married at Christmas, and had boarded in Detroit for the winter, so this was their home-coming.

In the boyish exuberance of his own happiness he was tenderly solicitous lest Ada should miss the social life and gaieties which had made up the sum of her existence the past winter. For himself, he craved no diviner bliss than to hasten home from his day's toil in the city, and potter about his young onion and lettuce beds with her by his side, to water his sweet-pea trench, or coax his young nasturtiums with her, a vision in white pique, poking fun at him from the tipsy little portico.

Never had she been so dear, so kind, so loving and yielding. There was a pensiveness in her mood, a new wistful anxiety to please, an added tenderness, as if, one might have thought, she was trying to atone. Pringle remembered it all in the after-days, when he had awakened from the intoxication of that spring weather in which had lived and died his heart's ecstasy.

He hurried home early on the first Saturday of June—a typical suburbanite. He was laden with purchases—a new ice-cream freezer (next summer they would have a cow, and use their own cream)—a box of candy, three boxes of strawberries, (they would grow their own next summer and have tons to give away), a bucket, and a new dustpan.

There was a note on the table. It read as follows:

DEAR JIM,—I cannot live this way any longer. The very best of my wicked, miserable nature could never reach up to the worst in you, if you had a worst. You are all goodness, and I never was fit to belong to you. If there is anything real or true about me, it is my constancy to one who is more fit to be my mate than you. Do not try to follow me; I have taken every precaution, and it will be useless to try to arrest my flight. Good-bye. Forget me. I am not worth a thought. ADA.

He read it, and then laid away his parcels in their proper places. Then he mended the spring of the screen door. His mind had become a blank. Once he said, "A mighty poor joke," and went out to weed his radishes.

Of course it was a joke, a stupid joke at that. She had gone to her Aunt Eleanor's, or perhaps joined some matinee party for the concert. Perhaps she thought he might have remembered to ask her to go.

By Sunday he was convinced that it was the excursion to Port Huron she had taken in with her friends the Palmers. He had always discountenanced these Sunday outings, and had steadily refused to go. The note was doubtless an added bit of defiance to emphasize her rebellion, and perhaps scare him a little to make his punishment complete.

On Tuesday he had ascertained that his theories were one and all groundless, and Wednesday found him, not pacing his floor swearing the righteous vengeance of the outraged and dishonoured husband, but with his head bowed on her little escritoire, sobbing his heart out for her—not for his own dismantled hearth, and stained name and broken heart, but for her—her—the poor betrayed child, the winsome young orphan whom he had taken to his heart and hearth, whom he had sworn to cherish and protect.

Somehow he had failed. He could not have taken the right way. Bitterly he reviled himself for not having perceived that she had always cared for Ralph Ellis, that her heart had not withdrawn its first allegiance He had been aware that Ada's aunt had done everything in her power to prevent a serious attachment growing up between the two, and he had believed that, before their marriage, Ada had realized the true character of her erstwhile admirer, and had forgotten him as he deserved to be forgotten.

Poor girl, poor erring little Ada!

And if it was that he could not find her and bring her back to the shelter of his name and hearth, he could, he would at least keep this awful thing from the world. He could save her that much, till the day she should come back, poor child, a stricken creature, and he would try to make it up to her—all the heart-break of it, as her mother might have done, had she had one. This only seemed to him the inevitable sequence of the whole sad business, and for her his love was of that rare maternal kind, which reaches its unbreakable golden strands to the ends of the earth or down into the pit to draw back the beloved.

He must do nothing to attract attention—to arouse suspicion. All he could learn was that she had crossed the river at about noon on the Saturday, but past that he could no further trace her erring steps. He was not rich enough to pursue further investigations in privacy. Fortunately, she had no near kin belonging to her to press inquiries, and the others were easily put off with the reply that his wife had gone to Canada for a few weeks. Yes, he would try to join her later when he would get his own holiday. No, they did not intend to let their cottage; they would probably want to use it before the season closed, possibly by July, or maybe August. Yes, it was a rather hasty arrangement, but they had found the place a little damp and chilly—pretty close to the river for so early in the season. By August the summer people would all be there, and things would be more lively. Yes, Ada must have found it lonely with him away all day.

Later it was that perhaps he would pull up stakes in Detroit. A great field was opening up in the Canadian North-West. Yes, it was a fact he was looking pretty seedy. This river climate would kill a horse. He had quite decided to make a change.

II.

One sweltering July night Pierre Cloutier drove his horses to water in the lake. Across the water a fairy ring of light twinkled on Belle Isle. Behind chimed out in the scented twilight, the Angelus from the belfry of Ste. Anne, filling with music the ears of toilers returning from hop-fields and vineyards, from berry-patches and tobacco acres, from corn and clover stretches. The sweet clanging died away, and Pierre sang—

"Je suis fille malheureuse dans le monde,
Ma Maman me grande chacun jour—"

with a joyous exuberance not at all in keeping with the dismal sentiment of his selection.

He broke off to see what ailed Carlo.

Ah, what a foul sight on so fair a night! This horrible thing cast up on the sun-dried sands! One fearful look, and the lad fled down the lane to the barnyard where his brothers and sisters were milking. He gasped his gruesome story, and hastened on to fetch the priest and constable.

The woman had probably been in the water three weeks or more. She was clad in her night-dress only, with not even a ring to identify her. The poor loathsome clay had lost all human semblance. They clipped off the long brown tresses, and in due time put away the remains.

How did it begin? Who first whispered the fell word? A cloud no bigger than a man's hand arose and spread and grew mighty in the heavens till the storm broke in fury over James Pringle's head. Like a man in a trance he heard himself condemned to life-imprisonment for the murder of his wife Ada.

A clearer chain of circumstantial evidence was seldom presented to a jury. The wife suddenly and mysteriously disappears. The husband's story of her having gone to spend some weeks in travel is not borne out by the finding of her trunks and wardrobe left undisturbed in the cottage, with all the rings and jewellery he had given her. His inability to account for her whereabouts, his too ready efforts to do so before his arrest. These and many other things fastened home the foul crime upon a man who offered no resistance, no defence, save the simple plea—"not guilty." The word that might have saved him was never spoken. Did he believe the unrecognizable thing washed upon the Essex shore was *his* Ada? No, though so like, he remembered that *her* brown tresses had a goldish strand through the underpart on the left side. He knew the single night garment worn was none of Ada's. He felt, even without these proofs, he would have known by love's instinct whether or not it was Ada which the waves cast upon the sands. It was indeed better that they should esteem her dead, slain by her husband's hand, than that the world should know the truth. For himself he thought less than nothing. Existence for him could be no more intol-

erable behind prison bars than abroad in city streets or open plains.

For that matter, one or other or both the fugitives would return to set him free when this would reach their ears. This he never for a moment doubted, and he fretted sorely lest in rash haste or uncareful speech the coming back should lay bare the secret it had cost him so much to keep.

III.

TOLD BY NO. 69.

Jim an' me had took to each other on first start, me being enough his opposite, I reckon, to hold good to the old sayin'. Jim was white clear through, while I—wall, pard, you know all about me—leastways, what I was before Jim took hold of me. Remember once I says to Jim, says I —"What d'ye take up with me for, anyhow?" an' says Jim:

"Can't help feelin' sorter sorry for you, old man. Seems like luck has used you pretty mean."

I stares at him an' blurts out—"D'ye take me for a sufferin' martyr like yourself? I earned this honest enough."

Well, he looks at me with them brown eyes of his just meltin', an' says he—"Poor beggar, that don't make it any easier for you, an' I guess mebbe you didn't get a chance to start fair."

That wuz just like good old Jim, couldn't convince him but what if the blackest scoundrel behind them bars had had only a different start, or a better chance, or other circumstances, or different parents, or most any old excuse, they'd have all jest naturally turned out missionaries an' archbishops.

We uster get these chances to exchange squibs durin' choir practice. Jim played the organ, an' I sung tenor. We had some first-rate talent besides, and the prison choir could have held its own anywhere, I reckon.

It was during my last year of a seven-year term, an' Jim had put in almost fourteen months, when I began to notice a change. When he first came, he seemed cheerful-like, an' seemed to take an amazin' interest in everything he could see. Everybody from the governor and chaplain down to myself cottoned right to him, an' he acted just like he had come to make an interestin' experiment, and had just given up his business for a spell to see what things wuz like. Course nobody ever thought Jim wuz guilty, an' everybody said how there had been a "miscarriage of justice," an' Jim himself, though he never peeped a syllable, kept lookin' an' actin' like it was all a mistake, and didn't matter anyhow.

Mebbe the rest didn't notice no change, but I loved that man like I might a' loved my mother or my kid, if I'd 'a ever had either one, an' I noted every droop of his sorrowful-like mouth, an' glint of his sombre eyes, an' I seen a difference. Seemed like he kept watchin' 's if he looked for some one, an' yet dreaded him a-comin'. As time went on he got a leetle more queer, an' others afterwards recalled it, though 'twasn't noticed at the time. Not that he ever came near to lettin' go his sand, nor breakin' that wall of sufferin' reserve behind which he had hedged himself.

I mention these symptoms to prove that poor old Jim wasn't responsible for what happened afterward. Seems like when the poor fellow's heart broke at last, that somethin' in his brain must 'a snapped, too, for Jim was no cheap coward to let his grit play out, an' besides, with his religious notions, I'd more'n once heard him say as such was wicked in the sight of God.

We had choir-practice on Friday nights, an' as we wuz marchin' out from supper, Jim spoke out loud—"She will never come—never come." Strict silence was the rule, an' the guard called out sharp, but Jim never seemed to hear, an' the matter dropped. I guess the guard was jiggered, Jim had always been such a steady-going old sort. I felt finnicky about him.

Well, that same night, right in the middle of a prelude he was playin', the organ all stopped still with a crash, an' Jim jest sat there, lookin' straight ahead of him into nothing. They turned him into hospital that night, but he must ha' satisfied old Doc. McGuire he was fit, for he was on duty by afternoon of next day, an' filed into chapel next morning at the head of the choir.

When we were finding our places he spoke low to me, an' said—"Old man, what would happen if I broke step, an' scuttled for the gates?"

Of course, Jim knew what'd happen all right an' I sorter grinned, thinkin' Jim was tryin' to crack a weak joke, an' then Jim says quite audible to those sitting just near: "She will never come—never come." I didn't like it.

After service, as the squad formed into line, Jim broke step and ran towards the stockade. It was all over in a second—what Jim had planned would happen. The four guards nearest the gate, who were pacing the top of the sixteen-foot stockade, fired all together, as was their duty.

That night poor Jim lay in the chapel, and all the prisoners had taken their places, a saddened company, many in tears. The chaplain was cryin' like a baby. I had been deputed to take Jim's place at the organ (I could play tunes by ear), and we had come to the closing verse of the opening hymn—Jim's favourite—"I heard the voice of Jesus say," to the tune Vox Dilecti, when the warden entered by the end door facing the congregation, accompanied by the stunninest female as many of us had not laid eyes on for many a black, weary year. She entered quietly and walked a few steps with him and then broke away sudden, and with a thin, shrill scream rushed an' threw herself across the plain pine coffin which held Jim.

The chaplain at a word from the warden dismissed the service. They knew it was the only safe course, for it is impossible to keep any body of men within restraint under any sudden excitement which breaks up the regular routine.

I broke into a voluntary and in two minutes the chapel was empty.

The woman had got into hysterics and was screamin'. "He never killed me. I had run away an' he knew it all the time."

"Why, did you not speak, wretched woman?" sternly demanded the chaplain, over her husband's stilled heart.

"We—I"—she put her hands to her face—"he took an appointment with the Hudson's Bay Company, and we never saw a newspaper, or saw a white face for fourteen months. Five weeks ago an old Buffalo illustrated sheet fell into my hands—and—and I could not have arrived an hour sooner—I never rested by foot or dog-trail for an hour since."

Well, that's about all there is to tell. I got out by ticket-of-leave within that month, an' I took the chaplain with me (we two had been Jim's best friends), and hunted up Jim's wife where she lay all out of her head and sort of sinkin' and pinin' at Jim's cottage. Ellis was there, too, all gaunt and despairin', waitin' on her like she was a baby, an' him an' old woman. She didn't seem to know him, but she recognized me, and asked me didn't I think Jim would like her to have the verandah painted green and white.

I talked to her about Jim, an' what had happened, an' as I talked she came to, and realized, but she didn't go off into any high kicks or hysterics. She wuz very weak and sort o' child-like, an' seemed to sorter understand what Jim had done it all for. Then an idea strikes me, an' says I: "You can make this last thing worth while yet to Jim, an' he will know about it up yonder. You can make yourself what he'd ha' died a hundred deaths to have made you, and what could never have been if he had not died."

An' then I tried, as soft and gentle as I could to explain what I meant, an' when she savvied onto the idea that in doin' this, she would somehow keep Jim's death from bein' all in vain, she consented quite happy-like in her weakened mental state, sorter anxious an' child-like.

So the chaplain tied her an' Ellis up good an' tight before that day closed, an' says she to me (she wuz weak-minded an' forgetful), quite happy—"It is so nice to be really married to Ralph. I always loved him. It is always heaven with him, even away from everyone else in the world, where it is dreary and frozen the whole long year."

But the chaplain and I dropped a tear on the threshold as we passed out—a tear for Jim Pringle in heaven.

Jeannette's Creek, Ont.

Looking within myself, I note how thin
A plank of station, chance, or prosperous fate,
Doth fence me from the clutching waves of sin;
In my own heart I find the worst man's mate,
And see not dimly the smooth-hinged gate
That opes to those abysses
Where ye grope darkly—ye who never knew
On your young hearts love's consecrating dew
Or felt a mother's kisses,
Or home's restraining tendrils round you curled;
Ah, side by side with heart's-ease in this world
The fatal nightshade grows, and bitter rue! —*James Russell Lowell.*

Science Notes.

Scientific Progress.

The world-army of scientific workers moves forward with an even step. No greater discoveries have ever been made than are being made now, yet they result, like the building of a coral island, from the infinitesimal labors of so many individuals that it is only when some spectacular point is reached that the attention of the public is attracted. Such an event is the discovery of radium, which, as it gives out heat continuously without external source of supply, offers an apparent violation of the law of the conservation of energy, and which, as it seems to decompose and produce other elements with helium as a final product, overthrows the theory of the immutability of the elements. There are many theories of the evolution of the universe through the genesis of the elements from the same simple substance of low atomic weight, like hydrogen, but the reverse process seems now to be more probable, that elements of high atomic weight, like radium, thorium, and uranium, have formed the other elements by their decomposition. In so far as this lends any confirmation to the dreams of the alchemists, it seems probable that if either be possible, it will be easier to transform gold into silver than the reverse. The newly discovered properties of radio-active substances will probably lead to new cosmical theories on such points as the age of the sun and earth, and may reverse the deadlock which now exists between the geologists, who want more time for evolution of plant and animal forms, and the astronomers and physicists, who say they cannot have it.

Into this question will also come the recent work at exceedingly high temperatures by which it has been shown that heat is not in all cases a disintegrating agent, but that certain compounds, such as the carbides, are more stable at high temperatures than at low. To the aid of the biologists in shortening the time necessary for the development of organic forms comes the mutation theory of De Vries, according to which nature does sometimes move by leaps. The revival and increasing confirmation of Mendel's law of heredity has made it possible to discuss evolution quantitatively, and to work systematically for the cultivation of species of almost any desired qualities.

Physics, chemistry, and biology have now joined forces in the study of the cell structure and its fluids, and the study of ionization and osmotic pressure is making somewhat more comprehensible the mysteries of vital processes. Synthetic organic chemistry is becoming bolder in attempts and more practical in its applications. Indigo is now made artificially on a commercial scale from what once was a waste product. Thousands of acres of arable land in India is released from the growth of this plant, and can be devoted to producing food for the starving natives. The constitution of camphor is now known, and its commercial production seems practicable.

Electrical processes are now preparing cheaply by the thousands of tons substances which a few years ago were the curiosities of the laboratory. The same powerful agent has been substituted during the year for steam for traction purposes in several large cities, and by the use of new forms of motor a speed of 130 miles an hour for passenger cars has been attained on an experimental railroad in Germany. Great progress has been made during the year in the use of air-ships, but no new scientific principles have been applied.—Independent.

A New Form of Energy.

Hardly anything is more marked than the way in which the ideas of men of science with regard to force and matter have completely changed during the last ten years. In the eighties force was force and matter was matter, and although a few thoroughgoing materialists, like Ludwig Buchner, could be found who asserted that force was only a mode of matter, it never occurred to any one that there could be a realm of nature in which the two could meet. The atomic theory that every scrap of matter could be divided in the last resort into atoms each in itself indivisible, and combining among themselves only in fixed proportions, was also then a law of scientific faith, and led to pronouncements like those of a late president of the Chemical Society, who informed his hearers in his annual allocution

that the age of discovery in chemistry was closed, and that henceforth we had better devote ourselves to a thorough classification of chemical phenomena.

But this prediction was no sooner uttered than it was falsified. There came upon us Mr. (not then Sir William) Crookes' discovery of what he called "radiant" matter, Hertz's demonstration of the existence of waves in the "ether," Roentgen's rays, and Becquerel's light-giving metals, until now M. Gustave le Bon, in a series of articles which appeared in Paris last year, assures us that these new ideas are not several things but one thing, and that they all of them point to a form of matter spread throughout the world, indeed, but so inconceivably minute that it becomes not matter but force.

To properly appreciate the value of this generalization, we must go back to the discovery which really set the whole theory going, and which is the phenomenon associated with the apparatus known as "Crookes' tube." By this, Sir William Crookes demonstrated for the first time that if an electric discharge of sufficient violence occurs in a glass tube exhausted to a high degree of vacuum, certain luminous phenomena are produced which he explained as a bombardment of the positive end of the tube by a rush of particles of matter proceeding from the negative terminal, or "cathode." That this stream consists of matter and nothing else seems proved by the fact that if the exhaustion of the tube be pushed to a yet higher degree, so that a practically perfect void be found containing neither air nor any other gaseous substance, the phenomena at once cease. But the odd thing about these "cathode rays" is that the rush of particles which they seem to indicate is so swift that if we suppose them to have any weight, the energy producing it must be sufficient, as Sir Oliver Lodge has lately said, to raise the British fleet to the top of Mont Blanc.

Then came Dr. Roentgen and showed that this cathode bombardment itself produced outside the tube the celebrated rays known as X, or the unknown, which proved themselves capable of penetrating more or less perfectly all known substances, and which, unlike their parents, the cathode rays, were not drawn aside or "deflected" by a magnet placed transversely to them. Then came M. Becquerel, who showed that certain rare metals, such as uranium and thorium, had the extraordinary property at ordinary temperatures of emitting rays which were in themselves streams of extremely finely divided matter, and which gave forth a feeble light when impinging on other substances. And all the time there had been under debate the theory of "ions," which teaches that when either a liquid or a gas is subjected to an electric discharge, its component atoms become split up into a number of yet smaller parts called "ions," each of them ridden by a charge of electricity and pressing forward some to the negative and some to the positive pole.

Now all these phenomena seem to M. le Bon to be connected by one common feature, which is that they all tend towards the discharge of an electrically charged body. Let a gold-leaf electroscope—to use the only instance he gives us—receive a sufficient charge to cause the gold leaves to diverge, and let the cathode rays, the X rays, or the rays from one of M. Becquerel's light-giving metals fall upon it, and the leaves at once close as if they had been shot, thereby showing that the electric discharge which before caused them to diverge is no longer there. But he has convinced himself that the same results attend every chemical reaction, such as, for instance, the mixing of a seidlitz powder, and that they are even produced spontaneously under certain conditions by all simple forms of matter. He therefore supposes that the "atoms" of chemistry which, as their name asserts, have hitherto been supposed to be indestructible and insolvable, are themselves composed of infinitely small particles of matter charged with neutral electricity, and in a variety of circumstances split themselves up into negative and positive ions, each of them bearing an enormous electric charge. This "ionic" electricity has also the power, according to him, when it meets any material obstacle of transforming itself into rays, which, according to their different lengths, may be cathode, X, or Becquerel rays, and which can pass through what we have been accustomed to call "solid" matter without losing their charge of electicity.

It may be that there are latent cracks in a theory which M. le Bon presents to us, after the manner of his clear and logical countrymen, whole, round, and polished, but the results of the final acceptance of his theory

are fairly enormous. The theories of vortex rings, and of waves in an ether whose existence is only hypothetically admitted, and has always been a puzzle to many of us, are at once swept away. It is doubtful, too, whether the official theory of the Hertzian waves—which M. le Bon hints may not really go through brick walls and large cantles of the earth, but only round them—or even the Clerk-Maxwell theory of light on which it is based, will survive.

As for chemistry, the whole fabric will be demolished at a blow; and we shall have a tabula rasa on which we may write an entirely new system wherein matter will pass through matter, and "elements" will be shown to be only differing forms of the same substance. But even this will be as nothing compared with the results which will follow the bridging of the space between the material and the immaterial, which M. le Bon anticipates as the result of his discoveries, and which Sir William Crookes seems to have foreshadowed in his address to the Royal Society upon its late reception to the Prince of Wales.—F. Legge, in The Academy.

The New Theory of Matter.

The idea that all the chemical elements are built up of some elementary unit of matter or protyle has long been familiar, and has been tentatively suggested in different forms by many prominent scientists. From evidence of a spectroscopic examination of the stars, Sir Norman Lockyer has put forward the view that the matter of the universe is undergoing a continuous process of evolution. The hottest stars consist of the lighter and simpler forms of matter, like hydrogen and helium, but at lower temperatures the more complex and heavier types of matter appear. The theory we have put forward is the exact converse of this. It demands a continuous disintegration of matter, the heavy atoms breaking up into simpler forms, and in this change the highest temperature obtainable in the laboratory has little or no influence. This process of degradation does not consist in a slow simultaneous transformation of all the matter with a gradual alteration of chemical properties, but is a process of degradation per saltum, in which only a minute quantity of matter is affected at one time, and where the products are of clearly defined chemical and physical properties differing from the original substance.

Whether this process of degradation is common to all matter or takes place only in the radioactive elements is at present a purely speculative question. —Professor Ernest Rutherford, in Harper's Magazine for January.

Thomas Edison's New Miracle.

Mr. Edison is not a man given to making startling promises which do not result in performance, so that his claim of having at last solved the problem of generating electricity at a trifling cost for common use may be accepted as the announcement of an accomplished fact. And such a fact is little less than a miracle, for it means the production, at will, of an almost limitless and widely adaptable power. The electrical generator which Mr. Edison has perfected after years of toil derives its power from a so-called fuel of marvellous potency. It will make it possible for the day labourer, as well as the millionaire, to light his home with electricity, and have some sort of a motor vehicle. For a few cents a day light and power may be produced in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of any family, and the generator is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can act as engineer. In the inventor's own words, "you can wire your house for electric bells, telephones from room to room, or for anything electricity will do, and the batteries in your automobile will operate them. The cost is so trifling after you are provided with your plant that it is not worth mentioning. . . . It has always been my ambition to bring the uses of electricity within the reach of men of moderate means." Mr. Edison warns the public that there is yet much work to be done before the harvest he has sown can be reaped. But the invention is perfected, and the problem of cheap electrical generation is definitely solved.—Harper's Weekly.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
—*Tennyson.*

NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

*NEW LIGHT ON HIS CHARACTER AND GOVERNMENT, BY "A RUSSIAN OFFICIAL" IN THE "LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW."**

NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

From his accession his Majesty has been filled with a spirit of self-exaltation. Nikolai Alexandrovitch soon began to look upon himself as the centre of the world, the peacemaker of mankind, the torch-bearer of civilization among the "yellow" and other "barbarous" races, and the dispenser of almost every blessing to his own happy people. Taking seriously this his imaginary mission, he has meddled continuously and directly in every affair of state, domestic and foreign, thwarting the course of justice, undermining legality, impoverishing his subjects, boasting his fervent love of peace, and yet plunging his tax-burdened people into the horrors of a sanguinary and endless war.

A great deal has been written about the Czar's love of peace, his clemency, his benevolence, and his fairness; but the Russian authors of these eulogies belong to the category of flatterers who, when his Majesty sleeps, are busy quoting profound passages from his snoring. Since he issued the manifesto of March, 1903, Nicholas II. has done nothing for religious tolerance, which it promised, and very much against it. The Jews have been persecuted even more cruelly and more extensively than before his welcome words were uttered. Roman Catholics are ceaselessly worried in their work, insulted in their religious sentiments, and almost forcibly driven into Orthodoxy by spiteful orders unworthy of a Christian government. There can be no mistake about the emperor's personal action in hindering his subjects from serving God in their own way, for it was vigorous, personal and direct.

In miracles and marvels he takes a childish delight, and is as ready to believe the messages from the invisible world which the spirits send through a M. Philippe in the Crimea as in the wonders wrought by the relics of orthodox monks, whose names he himself adds to the roll of Russian saints. Books he has long ago ceased to read, and sound advice he is incapable of listening to. His ministers he receives with great formality and dismisses with haughty condescension. They are often kept in the dark about matters which it behooves them to know thoroughly and early. In his study he is generally busy signing replies to addresses of loyalty, or writing comments on the various reports presented by ministers, governors, and other officials. He is encouraged by his courtiers to believe that all these replies and comments are priceless; for even such trivial remarks as "I am very glad," "God grant it may be so," are published in large type in the newspaper, glazed over in the manuscript, and carefully preserved in the archives like the relics of a saint.

Unsteady, half-hearted, self-complacent, and fickle, he changes his favourites with his fitful moods, allowing a band of casual, obscure, and dangerous men to usurp the functions of his responsible ministers, whose recommendations are ignored, whose warnings are disregarded, and whose measures for the defence of the state are not only baffled, but resented as

* An article which has attracted much comment has appeared in a leading British review. It gives a new interpretation of the character of the Czar, and one much less favourable than has commonly been held. Yet the alleged high position of the writer and the high character of the review seem a guarantee that it is a correct one. We give a summary of its conclusions.—ED.

symptoms of disobedience. In the sweeping theories of autocracy which the Czar has made his own, M. Pobedonostseff and Prince Meshtshersky, the Torquemada and the Cagliostro of contemporary Russia, were his teachers. M. Pobedonostseff is the champion of oriental despotism in its final stage. Meshtshersky's political ideals are those of the Dahomey of fifty years ago, or the Bokhara of today. M. de Plehve is now the most influential personage in the Russian empire—a Muscovite grand vizier, who yields absolute power, and he holds his position at the pleasure of his imperial master. The massacres of Jews, the banishment of Finns, the spoliation of Armenians, the persecution of Poles, the exile of Russian nobles, the flogging of peasants, the imprisonment and butchery of Russian workingmen, the establishment of a widespread system of espionage, and the abolition of law, are all measures which the minister suggests and the Czar heartily sanctions.

The teaching of these masters is backed by certain grand dukes, who form a sort of secret council like that which regulates the life of the Grand Lama of Thibet. This grand ducal ring is the Russian governing syndicate unlimited ; and no minister could withstand it for a month. It is able to thwart his plans in the primary stage, to discredit them in the Czar's eyes during the discussion, or to have them cancelled after the emperor has sanctioned them. Obviously Russia has more autocrats than one. Always in want or in debt, the grand dukes flock together wherever there is money to be had, like vultures over a battlefield ; and, if they stand to win in any undertaking, they care little about the nationality of the losers, and less about the ethics of the game. Their latest venture was the lumber concession on the Yalu River in Korea, which had no little share in plunging our unfortunate country into the present sanguinary war.

It is a mistake to imagine that the emperor is a tool in the hands of his ministers ; it is they who are his instruments, merely suggesting measures palatable to the monarch and formulating his will. They make him feel that what he thinks is correct, what he says is true, what he does is right. The responsibility for his acts cannot be laid upon the shoulders of his ministers, whose advice he refrains from seeking in the most dangerous crises of his reign. It was not his ministers who prompted him to break the promise he had given to evacuate Manchuria ; they entreated him to keep it. It was not they who proposed that he should curtail the power for good still left to such institutions as the council of the empire, the committee of ministers, and the governing senate. It was not they who impelled him to make the monarchy ridiculous by seeking wisdom in the evocation of spirits and strength in the canonization of saints. It was not they who urged him to break up the Finnish nation by a series of iniquitous measures worthy of an oriental despot of ancient Babylon or Persia.

No traditions, no rights, no laws are respected ; there are only ever-increasing burdens, severer punishments, and never dwindling misery and suffering. So far one of the most salient results of his Majesty's return toward the epoch of serfdom has been the estrangement of almost every class from the dynasty and its chief. At home the nation is suppressed ; it cannot make its voice heard on the subject of war or peace, of taxation or education, of industry or finance ; it cannot even save its soul in its own way.

Abroad the policy of Russia is a policy of expansion without end, planned by officials without scruples, and executed by a government without responsibility. It has brought things to such a pass that assurances given by ambassadors are not binding on the foreign minister ; promises made by the foreign minister are disregarded by the heads of other departments and dishonoured by the Czar ; treaties ratified by the Czar are not binding on the government, which may plead a change of circumstances as a justification for breaking them.

The sad conviction is now rapidly gaining ground that Nicholas II. is getting to resemble in certain ways the unfortunate Paul I. He is eminently unfit to control personally the destinies of a great people ; and he is, unfortunately, ignorant of his unfitness. That is the danger which hangs over Russia at home, and over Russia's peaceful neighbours abroad.

He is gentle that doeth gentle deeds.

—*Chaucer.*

Current Topics and Events.

WHAT WILL HE DO FOR RUSSIA?

—Ohio State Journal.

A Child of Destiny.

Everything seems to be happening at once to the Russians. With war on their borders, and the long prayed-for arrival of the Czarowitch in their palace, they surely have no lack of matters of public interest. With great pomp and rejoicing, the arrival of the heir of all the Russias was greeted at Peterhof Palace. A salute of 101 guns was fired, and the child was immediately honoured with the colonelship of the Fourth Regiment of the Guards.

The birth of an heir to the throne will, it is believed, end a good deal of the intriguing that has characterized the present reign. It will also end the hopes of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who was looked upon as the probable successor to the Czar. The hearts of the simple masses of Russia are said to be rejoicing over the Emperor's good fortune.

"It is questionable," says the New York Times, "whether the new-born Czarowitch himself is entitled to be congratulated or condoled with upon having been born to a lot even more 'uneasy' than, according to Shakespeare, is the lot of all wearers of crowns. There was not a boy born the same day to any tradesman or mechanic in the Russian capital who has not a fairer chance both of hap-

THE JOLLY ROGERS.

Captain Bear—"Aha! We're clear of the Dardanelles. Up goes the fighting flag!"

Chorus (from below)—"We are the jollies, the Emperor's jollies, merchant and pirate, too!"

—Punch (London).

PERHAPS HE THOUGHT THE BULL A TAME ONE.
—The Philadelphia Inquirer.

piness and of usefulness, than this heir to the throne of all the Russias. Unless he grows up to be a very great man indeed, he is predestined, considering the anomalousness of his position in the modern world, to a life of tragical futility."

The Prolonged Tragedy.

The dreadful tragedy in Manchuria continues to unfold scene after scene of more and more dreadful carnage. All the world looks on with bated breath while this Titanic war maims and slaughters its thousands day after day. All the ingenuity of modern science is employed in the deadly art of human butchery. The only ameliorating feature is the horror which it excites throughout the civilized world. Even the ally of Russia protests against the prolongation of the colossal struggle. The correspondent of The Times at Paris says: "The revolt in French feeling against the hideous slaughter in Manchuria is the most striking feature of public opinion at the present moment. The horror and reprobation of every civilized man is inspired by the massacres in the Far East. It is heart-rending to think how precious is the blood now being shed so prodigally. There is none more generous in human veins; there are none more brave than those who are exterminating each other in the Far East, or rather who have been obliged to do so in an excess of criminal insanity. Our friendship for Russia forbids us to think of mediation, which she has refused in advance, but every one who believes in God must be horrified at the thought of the responsibility incurred by those who preside over this butchery; yet the Czar is a believer."

The blood-guiltiness of this dreadful conflict rests, we think, more heavily upon the Czar and Grand Dukes of Russia and their military bureaucracy than upon any other human beings. Japan simply demands that the Colossus of the North shall fulfil the pledges to evacuate Manchuria which it made in the face of all the world. It is, however, a dreadful price which the Island Empire is paying for its continuous victories. Japan will be impoverished for centuries by this reckless expenditure of treasure and blood. A cartoonist represents the Mikado as feeding into a monstrous cannon an endless supply of the youth of the nation, with the sinister legend, "Merely a question of ammunition." Every lover of his kind should beseech the throne of heavenly grace that the crimson tide of battle may be stayed.

We catch through the dun rolling

Together they may be able to enlighten him.
—New York Globe.

clouds of war brief glimpses of its dreadful tragedy—the annihilation of whole brigades of Japanese by Russian mines, which, beneath the pitiless glare of the searchlight, hurl their mangled bodies to the sky; the concealed pits in which they are impaled on sharpened spikes; the moaning and groaning of the rent and torn and shattered torsos of men lying untended for hours upon the plain of death; the unspeakable horrors of the crowded hospital trains, and the reeking shambles of Port Arthur beneath the relentless iron hail of the assault. Both armies have shown enough of valour and endurance to command the sympathy, the pity, of mankind, and, we think, the intervention of the powers.

Russian Pirates.

Russia has been guilty of the insanity of still further alienating any sympathy she may have had from the European powers by her high-handed and piratical treatment of neutral vessels of England, Germany, and France. She seeks, with a sinister truculence, to evade her treaty pledges by sending through the Dardanelles ships destined to be speedily converted into armed cruisers, to prey upon the neutral commerce of the high seas. The cartoon from Punch shows the light in which this modern piracy is regarded by the civilized world.

The Czar has found, like Pharaoh of old, the Red Sea indeed a sea of troubles. John Bull is placable and forbearing, but there is a limit to even his forbearance, as one of our cartoons shows, and as Russia has found. It is rather humiliating to the Czar to have his orders to call off his pirate ships conveyed by British cruisers. Russia's interpretation of what constitutes contraband of war has been wide enough to embrace every kind of food products, railway material, and other articles of commerce. The vigorous protests of John Bull and Uncle Sam, however, are teaching this perfidious power a much-needed lesson.

A World Pivot.

"If we consider only the number of troops engaged," says The Independent, "the battle of Liaoyang is the greatest that has ever been fought in the history of the world, for in the two armies there were between 400,000 and 500,000 men. The combined strength of the three Japanese armies is estimated at 240,000 men and 1,000 guns, and the Russian force was over 200,000, with about the same number of guns. Although the Russians were probably somewhat outnumbered, the fact that they occupied a strong position of their own selection, fortified by months of labour, and as nearly impregnable as military engineering could make it, more than compensated for any odds in numbers."

The Moscow Gazette urges the Russian commanders not to give any

A DIFFICULT POSITION FOR CHINA.
—Minneapolis Journal.

SHAKY.
—Maybell in the Brooklyn Eagle.

quarter to the Japanese. "To burden Russia with thousands of Japanese prisoners, spreading dysentery, typhus and cholera among the Russian people, would, perhaps, be in accordance with humanitarian principles, but it would be very unwise. 'No quarter and no prisoners' should be our motto." What barbarism!

The Japs, on the contrary, treat their Russian prisoners with such kindness and care as to convert them into friends.

Considerable feeling has been exhibited in Britain at the apparent favour shown German ships and mails by the Russians, and the refuge given to Russian ships by the German port of Kiao-chau, as indicated by the Dutch cartoon, but however willing Germany may be to help the Czar and receive favours, she seems faithfully discharging her obligations of neutrality.

China has had a particularly difficult part to play in this conflict. To depart from her avowed neutrality would give an excuse for an attack on her independence, if not for the dismemberment of her empire. Notwithstanding her colossal size, she has neither an army nor a navy to enforce the observance of neutrality on the antagonists who attack or cut out each other's vessels in her very harbours. One of our cartoons illustrates this particularly difficult position.

No outcome of the war is more striking than the greatly altered position of Russia in the councils of Europe. We are reminded of the words of Mark Anthony:

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

Though possessing the greatest army

ALLIES.

Japan (to John Bull)—"See how William helps Nicholas—you must do the same for me."
—De Amsterdammer Weekblad voor Nederland.

BUSINESS FIRST.

British Lion (to Grand Llama): "Yes, that's all right, my friend. You may go away for three hundred years, if you like. But this has got to be signed first!"—Punch, London.

among the vastest empires on the earth, though posing as the war lord of the world, her colossal egotism has been exposed, the bubble has burst, the empire that seemed broad-based and moveless as a pyramid has been shown to be unstable as a spinning top, buttressed only by cannon and bayonet, which her restless serfs and Nihilists and revolting Poles and Finns are seeking to remove.

The wonder of the world grows day by day at the strategic skill, the military science, the reckless daring of Russia's much despised and pigmy antagonists in fighting their colossal foe. The northern power entered on this disastrous campaign with a light heart, as if it were but the breaking of a butterfly, but is stinging under the assaults of the worst kind of hornet's nest, if even such a figure is vivid enough to describe Japan's venomous attack.

The very success of British arms in Thibet has caused an embarrassment. The flight of the Grand Lama seems to have left no one with whom a lasting treaty can be made. Certainly the British do not wish to hold the sacred city through the more than Arctic severity of a Thibetan winter. We suppose, however, that some way of securing and enforcing a treaty will be found. Certainly an enormous increase of British prestige has been secured. Five hundred millions of Buddhists—Russian, Chinese, and Indian, one-third the human race—look to Lhasa with as profound an awe as the Catholic looks to Rome or the Jew to Jerusalem.

Since the above was written a treaty has been signed comfirming China's suzerainty of Thibet, and the opening of the hermit nation to British commerce.

The Plantation Idea.

A writer in one of the American reviews believes that the salvation of the negro lies in the return to the old patriarchal plantation system. He believes that the segregation of the negro does not make for his uplifting. Where the negroes are concentrated in the cities they have become depraved. Where they are isolated on farms they have been deprived of the uplifting influences so necessary to their natures.

This writer believes that it would not be hard to convince the negro that good wages on a plantation are better than indolence and vice in cities, or than partial failure on ill-tended, small farms. Moreover, he believes the negro needs the example of the planter's home before him, with its refining influences. He believes the negro needs the white man, and would be willing to do his part, if only the white man would guide and direct him.

After all, the moral emancipation of the negro must depend largely upon himself. We regard the industrial training of such schools as Booker Washington's at Tuskegee as furnishing the best solution of the negro problem.

Be wise;
Soar not too high, to fall;
But stoop to rise.

—*Massinger.*

THE "SUBWAY TAVERN."

THIS SALOON
INDORSED BY BISHOP POTTER
READING ROOM FOR YOUNG MEN
OUR WHISKEY IS PURE
A QUIET RESPECTABLE DRINKING RESORT
BEER SERVED TO WOMEN AT SODA FOUNTAIN

Which saloon will tempt this youth to take his first drink? —North American, Philadelphia.

A surprise alike to both the friends of temperance and those of the liquor traffic was the opening up of a saloon in New York this summer by Bishop Potter, who, it will be remembered, denounced the women of the W. C. T. U. as doing more harm than good. The object of its founders is said to be to provide a place where a man who will drink may take his glass surrounded by influences that will discourage rather than induce drunkenness. They wish to conduct a saloon, clean, wholesome and attractive, where "the poor man, who lives in two rooms with his wife and five children, may turn to spend his evenings." It is a pity Bishop Potter cannot see that there is no need to add to the attractions of the saloons to draw men from their homes, however poor the homes may be. The saloons are too attractive now. The poorer the home the more reason for keeping out of the saloon. Even the men of the liquor traffic are invoking heaven's pity on the Christian Church, when her bishops go into the saloon business. The new philanthropic effort is known as "The Subway Tavern." It was "dedicated" by Bishop Potter, who addressed the audience, and led them in singing the doxology.

It is true that the treating system is not allowed in the Subway Tavern, and a sign up announces that "Temperance is promoted by every man paying for his own drink." But here ends all the good that can be said of the effort. Over the bar-room side of the door leading to the soda-water room a sign reads, "This way to the water-waggon." That shows the men drinking at the bar that water-drinking is ridiculed in the "Subway Tavern." At the soda-water fountain beer may also be obtained, and another placard reads: "Good soda-water and good beer are equally harmless if taken temperately." A press correspondent comments on the general untidiness of the place after these few weeks of its history; the lack of papers and magazines and other such efforts that were to make an attractive Poor Man's Club. The liquor sold in this model saloon is said to be no better than that sold in the better class of other saloons. Clergymen of every denomination are criticizing Bishop Potter's part in the affair. Says the secretary of the National Church Temperance Society: "There can be no two opinions about the danger of a place of this sort which is sanctioned by high church authorities leading young men into temptation."

The Philadelphia North American admits that "some unfortunates will be drawn away from the vicious resorts," but it asks, "how about those who are naturally repelled by such places, but will be tempted to drink by the alluring invitation of the Bishop's æsthetic rum-shop?"

Hugh Dolan, president of the New York Liquor Dealers' Association, disapproves the Bishop's course. He says in an interview: "Why in the devil's name did the Bishop want to go down to that saloon? Does it mean that he actually approves of the place? Yes, he must, if he opened the festi-

vities with singing and closed them with a prayer. He ain't doing any good by that. He can't help the cause of temperance that way. Priests, bishops, and ministers ought to stay away from saloons. Meddling only does harm. They should attend to their own business. Let 'em preach against the saloon if they want to. When they go into them they lead lots of weak ones with them. I don't want to say anything against the Subway Tavern, but you can get drunk there just as quickly as you can at my bar."

A more absurd scheme in the name of philanthropy could hardly be conceived. The singing of the doxology at such a time and place was a sacrilege.

It seems like doing the devil's work when a bishop blesses what God has cursed.

Religious Intelligence.

The "Wee Free" Church.

A wave of righteous indignation swept over the English-speaking public at the decision of the House of Lords, which stripped the United Free Church of Scotland of $50,000,000 worth of property, and conferred it upon the twenty-four clergymen and their small flocks, lately come to be known as the "Wee Free" Church. The history of these churches will be readily recalled. The Free and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland had formed a union in 1900. The union was unanimously approved by the United Presbyterians, and opposed by only a very small minority of the Free Church. But this minority were tenacious in their opposition and in their determination to keep the property accumulated by the Free Church.

They have gained their point by a majority of two in the decision of the House of Lords. They contended that in the union the Free Church had changed its creed. The essence of the legal contention of a majority of the judges was, as The Spectator says, to declare "as a principle that no church, unless it possesses a deed specially and clearly reserving that power, has the right to alter its own creed at its own discretion."

Such a stand allows no room for growth on the part of the Church of God—no opportunity for emerging from past prejudices or blindness—for laying down and walking out upon broader planes of usefulness and service.

Says The Congregationalist: "Negotiations between the Free Church majority and the 'Wee Free' minority have disclosed no disposition among the 'Wee Free' leaders to abstain from their 'pound of flesh'; and Lord Rosebery, with clear knowledge of what the involved case means to future Scotch political and religious life if permitted to drift into an embittered war, has suggested that the Archbishop of Canterbury play the role of Portia and bring equity out of legal disorder, and the Anglican prelate has consented to act thus after his return from America."

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose visit to Canada is being so much heralded by the Episcopalian Churches, is one of the most tolerant and broad-minded of prelates. It was he who pronounced the benediction at Spurgeon's funeral, and who declared that the greatest sermon he ever heard fell from the lips of the noted Baptist minister. Archbishop Davidson has several times filled Presbyterian pulpits, and it is even whispered his great desire in visiting Canada and the United States is to take a step toward the unifying and consolidating of the Protestant Churches. Dr. Davidson is keenly awake to the losses that ensue from the divisions of Protestantism. Whatever difficulties of detail union may have to confront, it is certain that the guiding minds of the day see in union a larger measure of the fulfilment of the God-given ideal. His Grace has everywhere won golden opinions. The tact and eloquence of his addresses made a profound impression. His visit cannot fail to be of great advantage to Canada. It will create a new bond of sympathy with the motherland. He beheld everywhere an empire in the

making. The populations of our future were a revelation to his mind. "I need time," he said, "to meditate, to weigh, yes, and to pray over the bigness of its suggestiveness and the range of its illimitable hope."

"It may be a surprise to some to learn that the Archbishop occupies the highest position in Great Britain next to the crown and the immediate descendants of the King. He takes precedence after the Prince of Wales and his son, and above all dukes, earls, viscounts, above the Lord Chancellor, the Premier and the Secretary of State and all ministers from other countries to the court of St. James. The prerogatives of this office include —besides the magnificent palace and princely provision made for its occupant—the administration of the affairs of state, should any lapse occur in the reigning power. In such a case the Archbishop would be the head of certain dignitaries (including the Lord Chancellor and the Premier) who discharge the functions of royalty in the interregnum."

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Mediation.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, himself a Scotchman, and knowing the heart of his nation, has offered his services to mediate, if possible, between the remnant of the Free Church of Scotland—now a sect so small that it might almost be called an in-sect—and the United Free Church, whose vast revenues and properties it has seized by what we deem an act of spoliation. If that mediation is to be successful, the spirit of the "Wee Frees," as expressed by the Rev. Murdo McQueen, the Moderator of their church of only twenty-four ministers, must be considerably mollified. Instead of showing sympathy or magnanimity toward the men who seek to heal religious dissensions by Christian union, he describes the professors of the United Free Church as "already beginning to roar and shriek and yell. And why? Is it because the doctrines of the Confession of Faith are undermined, or because the Word of God has been mutilated? No, but because they have lost every penny of their salaries. It is wasting pity," he says, "to extend it to these men who, if they had the power, would crush us under their heel. . . . I do not call the majority a Church," he adds. "It is a political ecclesiastical caucus. It is a Noah's Ark full of clean and unclean animals, with the unclean element predominating." He sees in the judgment of the House of Lords "the righteous retribution of the Most High for their unfaithfulness to God. . . . The Free Church has to bless the Lord for His great deliverance this day."

We hope that these hot and hasty words do not express the spirit of the "Wee Kirk." We hope that some way out of this impasse will be found without inflicting a monstrous injustice on those whose Christian zeal and liberality have created the vast ecclesiastical interests and revenues which have been seized by these narrow-minded men. The United Church acted very generously to those refusing to enter it, leaving them in possession of their churches and manses; but the motto of the remnant apparently is "Vae Victis."

Methodist Union in England.

At the last Conference in England the question of the union of the various Methodist bodies met with considerable and heated discussion. A resolution was carried by a vote of 311 to 91, which stated that the laws and usages of the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches were so similar that the Wesleyan Church was prepared to favourably view a union of the two Churches, and had appointed

a committee to meet one from the Methodist New Connexion Conference. It will be remembered that last Conference a committee was appointed to consult the other Methodist bodies regarding union. The committee's report was by no means favourable. But the matter was not to be put to sleep thus, and was then taken in hand by the Wesleyan and New Connexion Methodists, with the above happy result.

The union of the New Connexion, the Free Methodist, and the Bible Christian Churches seems a foregone conclusion. Resolutions in favour of such union have been passed with practical unanimity in the several Conferences.

Presbyterianism at the World's Fair.

Our Presbyterian brethren have shown a most commendable evangelistic spirit in the hearty way they have taken up the campaign at the World's Fair. It is greatly to be regretted that the plan for union religious work in St. Louis this summer did not materialize. But the Presbyterians, unaided, have stepped into the breach. An average of fifty persons are being converted through their work every day. They have three tents in operation, a large shed at one point, and a Gospel waggon going about among the down-town districts besides. They have also been conducting meetings regularly on the porch of the Inside Inn since the first Sunday in August. A large percentage of the people being reached are non-churchgoers. It would have been a sad thing in this greatest of World's Fairs had the people of God altogether forgotten their opportunity. The closing of the Exposition gates on Sunday is a distinct advance on the management at the Chicago Fair, whatever certain distorted minds may say to the contrary.

The English Wesleyan Methodist Hymn-Book.

A new Methodist hymn-book has been issued by the London Wesleyan Conference Office. The Conference of 1901, in response to a widely felt need, appointed a Committee of Revision, which co-operated with representatives of the Methodist New Connexion and the Wesleyan Reform Union, and by correspondence of the Methodist Church of Australasia. The new hymn-book is a lineal descendant of the one known as "Wesley's Hymns," published about one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and several times revised. In this latest edition one finds mostly the old familiar hymns, only rearranged, and with certain additions to suit the growing phases of the work of the church. The book is well indexed.

The Vexations of the Vatican.

The present strained relations between France and the Vatican threaten to cause further trouble, inasmuch as the Vatican feels called upon to replace France as the protector of the Catholics in the Far East. But to replace her is no easy problem. Spain is too weak. Italy is in conflict with the Holy See. Apparently Austria is the only Catholic country able to assume the protectorate of the Catholics in the Far East. But Austria seems very unwilling to undertake the responsibility, since it would mean the maintenance of a strong squadron in the East.

The Friends' Convention.

At a time when military expenditure and fortifications for the frontier have been receiving so much attention, the great gathering of the peace-loving Friends, in Massey Hall, could not have been more opportune. This was the first convention of the Friends to be held on Canadian soil. It will be remembered these were the progressive Friends, or Hicksites, not the whole body of "Quakers." Membership in their society does not prohibit membership in other Churches. It is rather a Society with philanthropic ends.

The conventions are held biennially; the last two meeting in Chautauqua and Ocean Grove. The delegates were mostly from across the border. The spirit of the meeting was manifest in the adoption of a minute in favour of an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States.

A lesson we of the Churches might well take from our visitors was the great place silence had in their worship. We have too much tendency in the rush of modern life to leave out or shorten the moments of stillness with God.

As we looked at the childlike trust and calm on the faces of our visiting sisters we read at once the story of many sweet communings alone in the

closet with God. Attendance upon church services, however faithful, cannot take the place of these. We need the ministry of silence. Though we do not give it as prominent a place in our public service, it is none the less needful to our private life.

The late Principal Holloway.

Methodism in Newfoundland has suffered a great loss by the lamented death of R. E. Holloway, B.A., late Principal of the Methodist College in St. John's. Thirty-two years ago Mr. Holloway came to the ancient colony full of youthful enthusiasm, and laid deep and strong the foundation of an educational institution which has been for many years a tower of strength to Methodism in that land. A graduate in science of London University, there was no eminence in his profession which he might not have reached, but that for over a score of years he has maintained a conflict with the fatal disease consumption, to which he finally succumbed. By sheer force of will he battled with this disease and did a man's full work as principal of a college with three hundred students with only half a lung. Many of our ministers and laymen in Newfoundland have felt the inspiration of his spirit and training. He visited last summer his native land, but survived only a few days his return. Early on Sunday morning, September 4th, he passed away to the larger world, "where knowledge grows from more to more."

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projecting and Managing Editor. Vol. VII. Italy—Leon. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Royal 8vo. Price, cloth, $6.00.

This great work has entered upon its second half. It is the most comprehensive cyclopaedia devoted to any race or religion that we know—about three times as large as either Hastings' or the Biblica. Its twelve large volumes will embrace about eight thousand royal octavo pages, with two thousand illustrations. It costs to produce nearly $750,000, and upon it are engaged over six hundred editors and contributors, the foremost specialists in their respective departments. Over sixty thousand books and pamphlets on Jewish subjects in many languages are laid under tribute for this great cyclopedia.

Volume VII. has 700 pages, 1,778 topics, 175 editors and collaborators, including many distinguished scholars both Hebrew and Christian, and 146 illustrations. It has many features of special interest. To Jerusalem alone are devoted forty-one pages. There are dissertations on eight of the books of the Hebrew Bible, Jeremiah, Job, Joel, Jonah, Joshua, Judges, Kings, Lamentations. Much light is thrown on Bible story by the citations from the Talmud and Rabbinical literature. Under the words Kiev and Kishnief is given a grim record of the pitiable condition of over five million Jews in Russia, whose sufferings induced that great Hebrew philanthropist, Baron Hirsch, to found the Jewish Colonization Society, with a capital of ten million dollars. Other articles of importance are those on Jerome, Justin Martyr, Judaeism, and the Koran. The article on Jesus is of special interest to theologians of all faiths.

The number of distinguished Jews holding high places on the scroll of fame will be a surprise to many readers. Even in the minor departments of chess-playing out of forty-two leading chess-players of Europe and America, nineteen are Jews. A section of the recently disinterred city of Lachish shows eight strata of successive cities which have occupied its site.

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This Encyclopedia will be a potent

instrumentality in combating prejudice by setting forth in plain, simple truths the services which the Jews have rendered to mankind.

"The Bible the Word of God." By F. Bettex. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 314. Price, $1.50.

Professor Bettex is well known as the author of books of evangelical literature. His previous virile volume on "Science and Christianity" commanded wide commendation. In this companion book he enters an earnest defence from modern attacks of what Mr. Gladstone called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." "Like a rock it stands," he says, "and will stand as long as the earth lasts." "Yea, Lord," is his closing sentence, "the word of man passeth away, but Thy word endureth for ever."

A vein of lofty eloquence runs through the volume, which makes it exceedingly attractive reading. It has had the distinction of passing through three editions in German, and is marked by thorough German scholarship and a wide familiarity with the problems involved in modern criticism. The author is intensely conservative in this regard, and scarcely, we think, credits enough to the important advances made by devout and earnest biblical scholarship. He argues, and properly, that the essential benefit of biblical study is attained only by the prayerful spirit. He quotes with approval the words of Luther, "There is no interpreter of the Word of God except the Author of the Word of God himself." We commend this book as a moral tonic to those whose faith may have been shaken by some of the recent assaults upon the canon of Scripture.

"New Testament Apocryphal Writings." Edited by James Orr, D.D. London: J. M. Dent & Co. Philadelphia J. B. Lippincott Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxvii-137. Price, 35 cents.

This strange body of literature has given colour to much of the religious thought, tradition and legend of the Church of the Middle Ages and to much of its religious art. Some of these apocryphal gospels were written to bolster up early heresies, but these, for the most part, have perished. Others pander to the curiosity and love of the marvellous in human nature by inventions of which the gospels are silent. Imagination ran riot in creating incidents and legends which were eagerly accepted by an ignorant and credulous people. These legends group themselves into three chief cycles, first those relating to the earliest history of the parents of Jesus and to the Nativity; second, those referring to the boyhood of Jesus to His twelfth year, concerning which Scripture is silent; and, third, those referring to the solemn scenes of his passion and to the interval between his death and resurrection.

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"How to Attract and Hold an Audience." By J. Berg Esenwein, A.M., Lit.D. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. Toronto: William Briggs.

The book is written in a popular and very readable style. It deals with the various kinds of public discourse, the preparation necessary and the coping with the difficulties of delivery. All who are called upon to speak in public will find helpful material in this book. In one of the appendices a collection of model orations is given from such speakers as Daniel Webster, William Pitt, Patrick Henry, George Washington, and others.

"Old-Time Primitive Methodism in Canada." By Mrs. R. P. Hopper. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

Mrs. Hopper has given us a most readable volume of the history of Primitive Methodism up to the time of the union in 1884. It is filled with the echoes of the old-time days. The Toronto of half a century ago is recalled with vivid pen, as also the

wild-wooded circuits which the pioneers of Methodism travelled.

The author, herself the daughter of a local preacher, and reared in a home where ministers were frequent guests, has had handed down to her much interesting biographical matter, as well as amusing anecdotes of the old-time preacher. The book is enlivened throughout with bits of humour, and touched, too, with the pensive recollections of childhood. The early difficulties in the path of union, and the final clearing of the way, will be read with especial interest to-day.

"The Ainu Group at the Saint Louis Exposition." By Frederick Starr. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

One of the chief features of interest of the great World's Fair is its ethnographic exhibits. It will result in important advances in the study of comparative anthropology. Thirty living tribes may be seen in native dress, occupying houses of their own construction, and practising the arts and industries which they have themselves developed. Among the most curious of these are the Eskimo from the Moravian settlements of Labrador, and the Ainu, the aboriginal people of Japan. The present volume is an account of the latter peculiar people, and how this contingent was brought to the great Exposition. It has copious illustrations, and is of especial interest in view of the remarkable recent progress of the Japanese people.

"Evangelism." By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. East Northfield: The Bookstore. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 99. Price, net, postpaid, 50 cents.

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"Tales of the St. John River, and Other Stories." By Ernest S. Kirkpatrick. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 132. Price, 75 cents.

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"The Life of the Christian." By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. East Northfield: The Book Store. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 114.

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The Magazine will receive a new form and more up-to-date character with the January number. We are preparing a programme of special interest for the coming year which will soon be announced. As heretofore special prominence will be given to our own country, the grandest inheritance ever given by God to any people. During the year will be given the most complete and copiously illustrated series of papers on Canada by the Sea, the island of Newfoundland and Labrador, that has ever been published in this country. Many of the illustrations will be from the magnificent photos taken by the late R. E. Holloway, B.A., for many years Principal of the Methodist College, in St. John's. Mr. Holloway had the reputation of being probably the best photographer of both land and sea scapes in the world.

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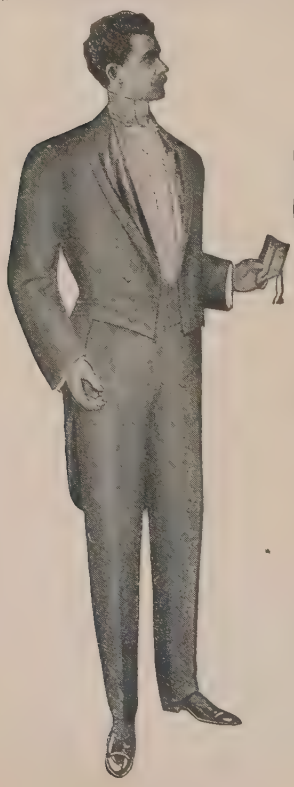

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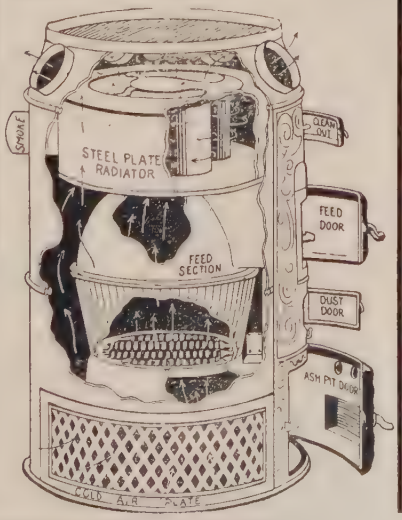

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CHAPTER 4.

The parable of the sower.

AND *rv* he began again to teach by the seaside: and there *rv* was gathered unto him a *rv* great multitude, so that he entered into a *rv* ship, and sat in the sea; and *rv* the whole multitude was by the sea on the land.

2 And he taught them many things *rv* by parables, and said unto them in his *rv* doctrine,

3 Hearken; Behold, *rv* there went out a sower to sow:

4 And it came to pass, as he sowed, some *rv* fell by the way side, and the *rv* fowls *ro* of the air came and devoured it *ro* up.

5 And *rv* some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and *rv* im-

13 And he *rv* said unto them, Know ye not this parable? and how *ro* then *rv* will ye know all parables?

14 ¶ The sower soweth the word.

15 And these are they by the way side, where the word is sown; *rv* but when they have heard, *rv* Sā'tan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word *rv* that was sown in their hearts.

16 And these *rv* are they likewise which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, *rv* immediately receive it with *rv* gladness;

17 And *rv* have no root in themselves, *rv* and so endure but for a time: afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended.

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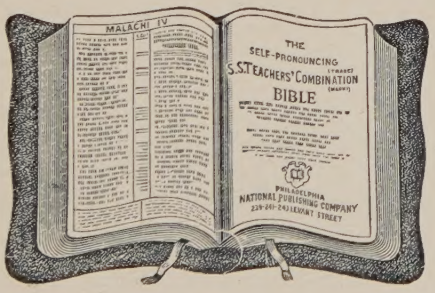

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